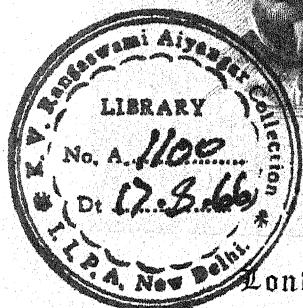


SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS
OF
ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH



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PREFACE

THE poems by Arthur Hugh Clough given in this selection are placed in order of time, except the "Bothie," which, written in 1848, at the moment of his leaving Oxford, should chronologically have followed the Early Poems. These were written between 1837 and 1847, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-nine, and correspond with his life at Oxford as Undergraduate, Fellow, and Tutor. "Dipsychus" and the "Amours de Voyage" were written in 1849 and 1850, called forth by Italian journeys made during his three years' residence in London.

The Miscellaneous Poems also belong to this time, except the Sea Songs, which were written during his voyage to America in 1852. "Come, Poet, Come!" also belongs to a later time.

After his return to England in 1853, when he entered the Education Office, he wrote no more during the last eight years of his life till

the last year, when the enforced leisure caused by ill health seemed to renew in him the creative impulse. Among other things he then produced the group of poems called "Mari Magno." These, however, are not represented here, not seeming well adapted for selections. In 1861 he died, aged forty-two, leaving us to wonder what might have come later had longer life been granted him.

B. M. S. C.

March 1894.

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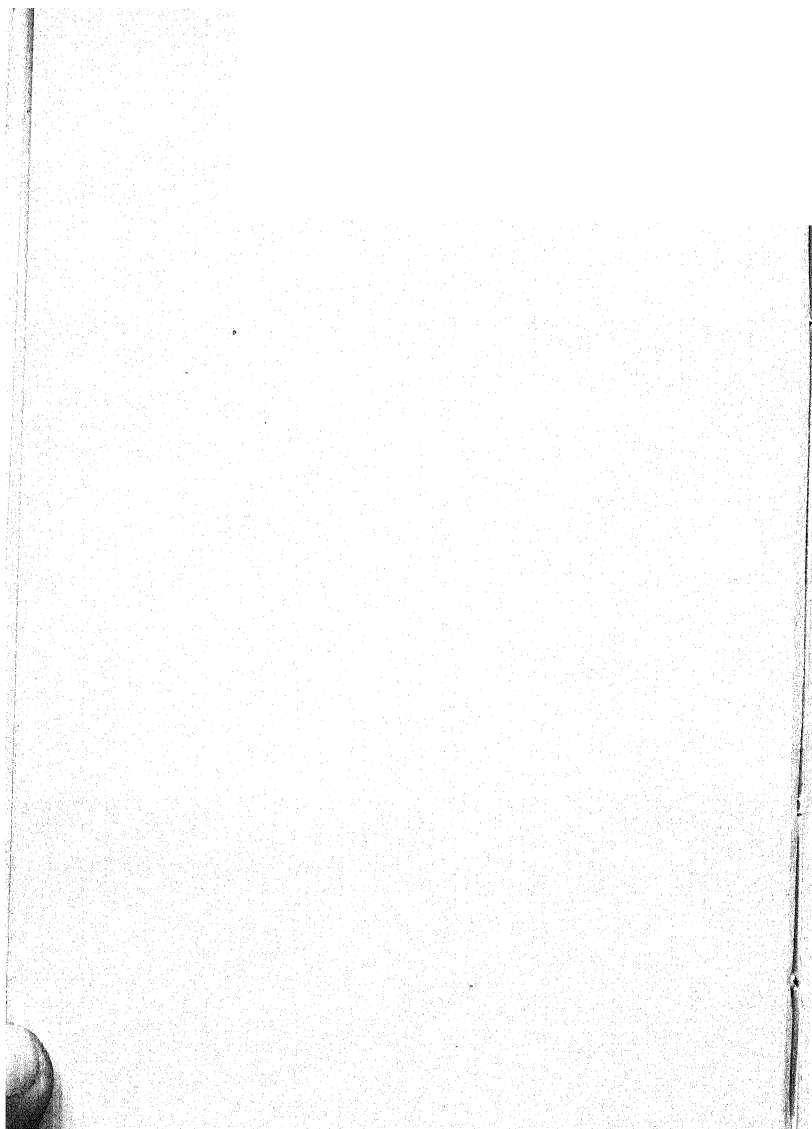
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THE
BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH:

A LONG-VACATION PASTORAL

Nunc formosissimus annus
Ille meæ felix quondam pecus, ille camenæ



THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH

I

Socii cratera coronant

It was the afternoon ; and the sports were now at the ending.

Long had the stone been put, tree cast, and thrown the hammer ;

Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called it, Eight stout gillies had run, with speed and agility wondrous ;

Run too the course on the level had been ; the leaping was over :

Last in the show of dress, a novelty recently added,

Noble ladies their prizes adjudged for costume that was perfect,

Turning the clansmen about, as they stood with upraised elbows ;

Bowing their eye-glassed brows, and fingering kilt and sporran.

It was four of the clock, and the sports were come to the ending,

Therefore the Oxford party went off to adorn for the dinner.

4 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Be it recorded in song who was first, who last,
in dressing.

Hope was first, black-tied, white-waistcoated,
simple, His Honour ;

For the postman made out he was heir to the
earldom of Ilay

(Being the younger son of the younger brother,
the Colonel),

Treated him therefore with special respect ; doffed
bonnet, and ever

Called him His Honour ; His Honour he therefore
was at the cottage ;

Always His Honour at least, sometimes the Vis-
count of Ilay.

Hope was first, His Honour, and next to His
Honour the Tutor.

Still more plain the Tutor, the grave man, nick-
named Adam,

White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique square-
cut waistcoat

Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense
and feeling beneath it ;

Skilful in Ethics and Logic, in Pindar and Poets
unrivalled ;

Shady in Latin, said Lindsay, but *topping* in Plays
and Aldrich.

Somewhat more splendid in dress, in a waist-
coat work of a lady,

Lindsay succeeded ; the lively, the cheery, cigar-
loving Lindsay,

Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the
Dialectician,

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 5

This was his title from Adam because of the
words he invented,
Who in three weeks had created a dialect new for
the party ;

This was his title from Adam, but mostly they
called him the Piper.

Lindsay succeeded, the lively, the cheery, cigar-
loving Lindsay.

Hewson and Hobbes were down at the *matutine*
bathing ; of course too

Arthur, the bather of bathers, *par excellence*,
Audley by surname,

Arthur they called him for love and for euphony ;
they had been bathing,

Where in the morning was custom, where over a
ledge of granite

Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended,
Only a step from the cottage, the road and larches
between them.

Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam ;
on them followed Arthur.

Airlie descended the last, effulgent as god of
Olympus ;

Blue, perceptibly blue, was the coat that had
white silk facings,

Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white tie finely
adjusted,

Coral moreover the studs on a shirt as of crochet
of women :

When the fourwheel for ten minutes already had
stood at the gateway,

He, like a god, came leaving his ample Olympian
chamber.

6 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

And in the fourwheel they drove to the place of
the clansmen's meeting.

So in the fourwheel they came ; and Donald
the innkeeper showed them

Up to the barn where the dinner should be. Four
tables were in it ;

Two at the top and the bottom, a little upraised
from the level,

These for Chairman and Croupier, and gentry fit
to be with them,

Two lengthways in the midst for keeper and gillie
and peasant.

Here were clansmen many in kilt and bonnet
assembled,

Keepers a dozen at least ; the Marquis's targeted
gillies ;

Pipers five or six, among them the young one, the
drunkard ;

Many with silver brooches, and some with those
brilliant crystals

Found amid granite-dust on the frosty scalp of the
Cairn-Gorm ;

But with snuff-boxes all, and all of them using the
boxes.

Here too were Catholic Priest, and Established
Minister standing :

Catholic Priest ; for many still clung to the Ancient
Worship,

And Sir Hector's father himself had built them a
chapel ;

So stood Priest and Minister, near to each other,
but silent,

One to say grace before, the other after the dinner.

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 7

Hither anon too came the shrewd, ever-ciphering
Factor,

Hither anon the Attaché, the Guardsman mute
and stately,

Hither from lodge and bothie in all the adjoining
shootings

Members of Parliament many, forgetful of votes
and bluebooks,

Here, amid heathery hills, upon beast and bird of
the forest

Venting the murderous spleen of the endless
Railway Committee.

Hither the Marquis of Ayr, and Dalgarnish Earl
and Croupier,

And at their side, amid murmurs of welcome, long
looked-for, himself too

Eager, the grey, but boy-hearted Sir Hector, the
Chief and the Chairman.

Then was the dinner served, and the Minister
prayed for a blessing,

And to the viands before them with knife and with
fork they beset them :

Venison, the red and the roe, with mutton ; and
grouse succeeding ;

Such was the feast, with whisky of course, and
at top and bottom

Small decanters of sherry, not overchoice, for the
gentry.

So to the viands before them with laughter and
chat they beset them.

And, when on flesh and on fowl had appetite duly
been sated.

8 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Up rose the Catholic Priest and returned God
thanks for the dinner.
Then on all tables were set black bottles of well-
mixed toddy,
And, with the bottles and glasses before them,
they sat, digesting,
Talking, enjoying, but chiefly awaiting the toasts
and speeches.

Spare me, O great Recollection ! for words to
the task were unequal,
Spare me, O mistress of Song ! nor bid me
remember minutely
All that was said and done o'er the well-mixed
tempting toddy ;
How were healths proposed and drunk ' with all
the honours,'
Glasses and bonnets waving, and three-times-three
thrice over,
Queen, and Prince, and Army, and Landlords all,
and Keepers ;
Bid me not, grammar defying, repeat from
grammar-defiers
Long constructions strange and plusquam-Thucy-
didean ;
Tell how, as sudden torrent in time of speat ¹ in
the mountain
Hurries six ways at once, and takes at last to the
roughest,
Or as the practised rider at Astley's or Franconi's
Skilfully, boldly bestrides many steeds at once in
the gallop,

¹ Flood.

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 9

Crossing from this to that, with one leg here, one
yonder,
So, less skilful, but equally bold, and wild as the
torrent,
All through sentences six at a time, unsuspecting
of syntax,
Hurried the lively good-will and garrulous tale of
Sir Hector.
Left to oblivion be it, the memory, faithful as
ever,
How the Marquis of Ayr, with wonderful gesticula-
tion,
Floundering on through game and mess-room
recollections,
Gossip of neighbouring forest, praise of targeted
gillies,
Anticipation of royal visit, skits at pedestrians,
Swore he would never abandon his country, nor
give up deer-stalking ;
How, too, more brief, and plainer, in spite of the
Gaelic accent,
Highland peasants gave courteous answer to
flattering nobles.
Two orations alone the memorial song will
render ;
For at the banquet's close spake thus the lively
Sir Hector,
Somewhat husky with praises exuberant, often
repeated,
Pleasant to him and to them, of the gallant
Highland soldiers
Whom he erst led in the fight ;—something husky,
but ready, though weary,

10 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Up to them rose and spoke the grey but gladsome
chieftain :—

Fill up your glasses, my friends, once more,—
With all the honours !

There was a toast I forgot, which our gallant
Highland homes have

Always welcomed the stranger, delighted, I may
say, to see such

Fine young men at my table—My friends ! are you
ready ? the Strangers.

Gentlemen, here are your healths,—and I wish you
—With all the honours !

So he said, and the cheers ensued, and all the
honours,

All our Collegians were bowed to, the Attaché
detecting His Honour,

Guardsman moving to Arthur, and Marquis sidling
to Airlie,

And the small Piper below getting up and nodding
to Lindsay.

But, while the healths were being drunk, was
much tribulation and trouble,

Nodding and beckoning across, observed of
Attaché and Guardsman :

Adam wouldn't speak,—indeed it was certain he
couldn't ;

Hewson could, and would if they wished ; Philip
Hewson a poet,

Hewson a radical hot, hating lords and scorning
ladies,

Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and fury
Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition and
bishops,

Liveries, armorial bearings, amongst other matters
the Game-laws :

He could speak, and was asked to by Adam ; but
Lindsay aloud cried,

(Whisky was hot in his brain), Confound it, no,
not Hewson,

Ain't he cock-sure to bring in his eternal political
humbug ?

However, so it must be, and after due pause of
silence,

Waving his hand to Lindsay, and smiling oddly
to Adam,

Up to them rose and spoke the poet and radical
Hewson :—

I am, I think, perhaps the most perfect stranger
present.

I have not, as have some of my friends, in my
veins some tincture,

Some few ounces of Scottish blood ; no, nothing
like it.

I am therefore perhaps the fittest to answer and
thank you.

So I thank you, sir, for myself and for my com-
panions,

Heartily thank you all for this unexpected greeting,
All the more welcome, as showing you do not
account us intruders,

Are not unwilling to see the north and the south
forgather.

And, surely, seldom have Scotch and English
more thoroughly mingled ;

Scarcely with warmer hearts, and clearer feeling
of manhood,

12 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Even in tourney, and foray, and fray, and regular
battle,
Where the life and the strength came out in the
tug and tussle,
Scarcely, where man met man, and soul encountered
with soul, as
Close as do the bodies and twining limbs of the
wrestlers,
When for a final bout are a day's two champions
mated,—
In the grand old times of bows, and bills, and
claymores,
At the old Flodden-field—or Bannockburn—or
Culloden.
—(And he paused a moment, for breath, and
because of some cheering)
We are the better friends, I fancy, for that old
fighting,
Better friends, inasmuch as we know each other
the better,
We can now shake hands without pretending or
shuffling.
On this passage followed a great tornado of
cheering,
Tables were rapped, feet stamped, a glass or two
got broken :
He, ere the cheers died wholly away, and while
still there was stamping,
Added, in altered voice, with a smile, his doubtful
conclusion.
I have, however, less claim than others perhaps
to this honour,

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 13

For, let me say, I am neither game-keeper, nor
game-preserved.

So he said, and sat down, but his satire had
not been taken.

Only the *men*, who were all on their legs as con-
cerned in the thanking,

Were a trifle confused, but mostly sat down with-
out laughing;

Lindsay alone, close-facing the chair, shook his
fist at the speaker.

Only a Liberal member, away at the end of the table,
Started, remembering sadly the cry of a coming
election,

Only the Attaché glanced at the Guardsman, who
twirled his moustachio,

Only the Marquis faced round, but, not quite clear
of the meaning,

Joined with the joyous Sir Hector, who lustily beat
on the table.

And soon after the chairman arose, and the
feast was over :

Now should the barn be cleared and forthwith
adorned for the dancing,

And, to make way for this purpose, the Tutor and
pupils retiring

Were by the chieftain addressed and invited to
come to the castle.

But ere the door-way they quitted, a thin man
clad as the Saxon,

Trouser and cap and jacket of homespun blue,
hand-woven,

Singled out, and said with determined accent, to
Hewson,

14 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Touching his arm : Young man, if ye pass through
the Braes o' Lochaber,
See by the loch-side ye come to the Bothie of
Tober-na-vuolich.

11

Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum

MORN, in yellow and white, came broadening out
from the mountains,
Long ere music and reel were hushed in the barn
of the dancers.
Duly in *matutine* bathed, before eight some two
of the party,
Where in the morning was custom, where over a
ledge of granite
Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended.
There two plunges each took Philip and Arthur
together,
Duly in *matutine* bathed, and read, and waited
for breakfast :
Breakfast commencing at nine, lingered lazily on
to noon-day.
Tea and coffee were there ; a jug of water for
Hewson ;
Tea and coffee ; and four cold grouse upon the
sideboard ;
Gaily they talked, as they sat, some late and lazy
at breakfast,
Some professing a book, some smoking outside
at the window.

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 15

By an aurora soft-pouring a still sheeny tide to
the zenith,

Hewson and Arthur, with Adam, had walked and
got home by eleven ;

Hope and the others had stayed till the round sun
lighted them bedward.

They of the lovely aurora, but these of the lovelier
women

Spoke—of noble ladies and rustic girls, their
partners.

Turned to them Hewson, the Chartist, the poet,
the eloquent speaker.

Sick of the very names of your Lady Augustas
and Floras

Am I, as ever I was of the dreary botanical
titles

Of the exotic plants, their antitypes in the hot-
house :

Roses, violets, lilies for me ! the out-of-door
beauties ;

Meadow and woodland sweets, forget-me-nots and
heart's-ease !

Pausing awhile, he proceeded anon, for none
made answer.

Oh, if our high-born girls knew only the grace,
the attraction,

Labour, and labour alone, can add to the beauty
of women,

Truly the milliner's trade would quickly, I think,
be at discount,

All the waste and loss in silk and satin be saved
us,

Saved for purposes truly and widely productive——

That's right,
Take off your coat to it, Philip, cried Lindsay,
outside in the garden,
Take off your coat to it, Philip.

Well, then, said Hewson, resuming ;
Laugh if you please at my novel economy ; listen
to this, though ;
As for myself, and apart from economy wholly,
believe me,
Never I properly felt the relation between men
and women,
Though to the dancing-master I went perforce,
for a quarter,
Where, in dismal quadrille, were good-looking girls
in abundance,
Though, too, school-girl cousins were mine—a
bevy of beauties—
Never (of course you will laugh, but of course all
the same I shall say it),
Never, believe me, I knew of the feelings between
men and women,
Till in some village fields in holidays now getting
stupid,
One day sauntering 'long and listless,' as Tenny-
son has it,
Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hobbadiboy-
hood,
Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless
maiden,
Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden
uprooting potatoes.

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 17

Was it the air? who can say? or herself, or the
charm of the labour?
But a new thing was in me; and longing delicious
possessed me,
Longing to take her and lift her, and put her
away from her slaving.
Was it embracing or aiding was most in my mind?
hard question!
But a new thing was in me; I, too, was a youth
among maidens:
Was it the air? who can say! but in part 'twas
the charm of the labour.
Still, though a new thing was in me, the poets
revealed themselves to me,
And in my dreams by Miranda, her Ferdinand,
often I wandered,
Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling and
toying and coying,
Were not so strange as before, so incomprehensible
purely;
Still, as before (and as now), balls, dances, and
evening parties,
Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and
hearing them singing,
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on
the dreary piano,
Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces
of escort,
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air
balloon-work
(Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a
carriage),

Utter removal from work, mother earth, and the
objects of living.

Hungry and fainting for food, you ask me to join
you in snapping—

What but a pink-paper comfit, with motto romantic
inside it?

Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a table
of nose-gays;

Better a crust of black bread than a mountain of
paper confections,

Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and
gathered,

Better a cowslip with root than a prize carnation
without it.

That I allow, said Adam.

But he, with the bit in his teeth, scarce
Breathed a brief moment, and hurried exultingly
on with his rider,

Far over hillock, and runnel, and bramble, away
in the champaign,

Snorting defiance and force, the white foam fleck-
ing his flanks, the

Rein hanging loose to his neck, and head project-
ing before him.

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones!
oh, could they see, could

But for a moment discern, how the blood of true
gallantry kindles,

How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-
quixotic

Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate
woman

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 19

Serving him, toiling—for him, and the world ;
some tenderest girl, now
Over-weighted, expectant, of him, is it ? who shall,
if only
Duly her burden be lightened, not wholly removed
from her, mind you,
Lightened if but by the love, the devotion man
only can offer,
Grand on her pedestal rise as urn-bearing statue
of Hellas ;—
Oh, could they feel at such moments how man's
heart, as into Eden
Carried anew, seems to see, like the gardener of
earth uncorrupted,
Eve from the hand of her Maker advancing, an
help meet for him,
Eve from his own flesh taken, a spirit restored to
his spirit,
Spirit but not spirit only, himself whatever him-
self is,
Unto the mystery's end sole helpmate meet to be
with him ;—
Oh, if they saw it and knew it ; we soon should
see them abandon
Boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room, and ball-
room,
Satin for worsted exchange, gros-de-naples for
plain linsey-woolsey,
Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lackadaisical
fancies !
So, feel women, not dolls ; so feel the sap of
existence

Circulate up through their roots from the far-away
 centre of all things,
 Circulate up from the depths to the bud on the
 twig that is topmost !
 Yes, we should see them delighted, delighted our-
 selves in the seeing,
 Bending with blue cotton gown skirted up over
 striped linsey-woolsey,
 Milking the kine in the field, like Rachel, watering
 cattle,
 Rachel, when at the well the predestined beheld
 and kissed her,
 Or, with pail upon head, like Dora beloved of Alexis,
 Comely, with well-poised pail over neck arching
 soft to the shoulders,
 Comely in gracefulest act, one arm uplifted to
 stay it,
 Home from the river or pump moving stately and
 calm to the laundry ;
 Ay, doing household work, as many sweet girls I
 have looked at,
 Needful household work, which some one, after
 all, must do,
 Needful, graceful therefore, as washing, cooking,
 and scouring,
 Or, if you please, with the fork in the garden
 uprooting potatoes.—
 Or,—high-kilted perhaps, cried Lindsay, at last
 successful,
 Lindsay this long time swelling with scorn and
 pent-up fury,
 Or high-kilted perhaps, as once at Dundee I saw
 them,

Petticoats up to the knees, or even, it might be,
above them,

Matching their lily-white legs with the clothes
that they trod in the wash-tub !

Laughter ensued at this ; and seeing the Tutor
embarrassed,

It was from them, I suppose, said Arthur, smiling
sedately,

Lindsay learnt the tune we all have learnt from
Lindsay,

For oh, he was a roguery, the Piper o' Dundee.

Laughter ensued again ; and the Tutor, recover-
ing slowly,

Said, Are not these perhaps as doubtful as other
attractions ?

There is a truth in your view, but I think extremely
distorted ;

Still there is a truth, I own, I understand you
entirely.

While the Tutor was gathering his purposes,
Arthur continued,

Is not all this the same that one hears at common-
room breakfasts,

Or perhaps Trinity wines, about Gothic buildings
and Beauty ?

And with a start from the sofa came Hobbes ;
with a cry from the sofa,

Where he was laid, the great Hobbes, contempla-
tive, corpulent, witty,

Author forgotten and silent of currentest phrases
and fancies,

Mute and exuberant by turns, a fountain at in-
tervals playing,

22 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Mute and abstracted, or strong and abundant as
rain in the tropics ;
Studious ; careless of dress ; inobservant : by
smooth persuasions
Lately decoyed into kilt on example of Hope and
the Piper,
Hope an Antinoüs mere, Hyperion of calves the
Piper.

Beautiful ! cried he up-leaping, analogy perfect
to madness !
O inexhaustible source of thought, shall I call it,
or fancy !
Wonderful spring, at whose touch doors fly, what
a vista disclosing !
Exquisite germ ; Ah no, crude fingers shall not
soil thee ;
Rest, lovely pearl, in my brain, and slowly mature
in the oyster.

While at the exquisite pearl they were laughing
and corpulent oyster,
Ah, could they only be taught, he resumed, by a
Pugin of women,
How even churning and washing, the dairy, the
scullery duties,
Wait but a touch to redeem and convert them to
charms and attractions,
Scrubbing requires for true grace but frank and
artistical handling,
And the removal of slops to be ornamentally
treated.

Philip who speaks like a book (retiring and
pausing he added),

Philip, here, who speaks—like a folio say'st thou,
Piper ?

Philip shall write us a book, a Treatise upon *The
Laws of*

Architectural Beauty in Application to Women ;
Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary
pendent,

Where shall in specimen seen be the sculliony
stumpy-columnar

(Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most
moving of any),

Rising to grace of true woman in English the
Early and Later,

Charming us still in fulfilling the Richer and
Loftier stages,

Lost, ere we end, in the Lady-Debased and the
Lady-Flamboyant :

Whence why in satire and spite too merciless
onward pursue her

Hither to hideous close, Modern-Florid, modern-
fine-lady ?

No, I will leave it to you, my Philip, my Pugin of
women.

Leave it to Arthur, said Adam, to think of, and
not to play with.

You are young, you know, he said, resuming, to
Philip,

You are young, he proceeded, with something of
fervour to Hewson.

You are a boy ; when you grow to a man you'll
find things alter.

You will then seek only the good, will scorn the
attractive,

24 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Scorn all mere cosmetics, as now of rank and
fashion,
Delicate hands, and wealth, so then of poverty
also,
Poverty truly attractive, more truly, I bear you
witness.

Good, wherever it's found, you will choose, be it
humble or stately,
Happy if only you find, and finding do not lose it.
Yes, we must seek what is good, it always and it
only ;

Not indeed absolute good, good for us, as is said
in the Ethics,

That which is good for ourselves, our proper
selves, our best selves.

Ah, you have much to learn, we can't know all
things at twenty.

Partly you rest on truth, old truth, the duty of
Duty,

Partly on error, you long for equality.

Ay, cried the Piper,
That's what it is, that confounded *égalité*, French
manufacture,

He is the same as the Chartist who spoke at a
meeting in Ireland,

*What, and is not one man, fellow-men, as good as
another ?*

Faith, replied Pat, *and a deal better too !*

So rattled the Piper :
But undisturbed in his tenor, the Tutor.

Partly in error
Seeking equality, *is not one woman as good as
another ?*

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 25

I with the Irishman answer, *Yes, better too;* the
poorer
Better full oft than richer, than loftier better the
lower,
Irrespective of wealth and of poverty, pain and
enjoyment,
Women all have their duties, the one as well as
the other ;
Are all duties alike ? Do all alike fulfil them ?
However noble the dream of equality, mark you,
Philip,
Nowhere equality reigns in all the world of
creation,
Star is not equal to star, nor blossom the same as
blossom ;
Herb is not equal to herb, any more than planet
to planet.
There is a glory of daisies, a glory again of carna-
tions ;
Were the carnation wise, in gay parterre by green-
house,
Should it decline to accept the nurture the
gardener gives it,
Should it refuse to expand to sun and genial
summer,
Simply because the field-daisy that grows in the
grass-plat beside it,
Cannot, for some cause or other, develop and be a
carnation ?
Would not the daisy itself petition its scrupulous
neighbour ?
Up, grow, bloom, and forget me ; be beautiful even
to proudness,

26 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

E'en for the sake of myself and other poor daisies
like me.

Education and manners, accomplishments and re-
finements,

Waltz, peradventure, and polka, the knowledge of
music and drawing,

All these things are Nature's, to Nature dear and
precious,

We have all something to do, man, woman alike,
I own it ;

We all have something to do, and in my judgment
should do it

In our station ; not thinking about it, but not
disregarding ;

Holding it, not for enjoyment, but simply because
we are in it.

Ah ! replied Philip, Alas ! the noted phrase of
the Prayer-book,

*Doing our duty in that state of life to which God
has called us,*

Seems to me always to mean, when the little rich
boys say it,

Standing in velvet frock by mamma's brocaded
flounces,

Eyeing her gold-fastened book and the watch and
chain at her bosom,

Seems to me always to mean, Eat, drink, and
never mind others.

Nay, replied Adam, smiling, so far your economy
leads me,

Velvet and gold and brocade are nowise to my
fancy.

Nay, he added, believe me, I like luxurious living

Even as little as you, and grieve in my soul not
seldom,

More for the rich indeed than the poor, who are
not so guilty.

So the discussion closed ; and, said Arthur,
Now it is my turn,

How will my argument please you ? To-morrow
we start on our travel.

And took up Hope the chorus,

To-morrow we start on our travel.

Lo, the weather is golden, the weather-glass, say
they, rising ;

Four weeks here have we read ; four weeks will
we read hereafter ;

Three weeks hence will return and think of classes
and classics.

Fare ye well, meantime, forgotten, unnamed, un-
dreamt of,

History, Science, and Poets ! lo, deep in dustiest
cupboard,

Thookydid, Oloros' son, Halimoosian, here lieth
buried !

Slumber in Liddell-and-Scott, O musical chaff of
old Athens,

Dishes, and fishes, bird, beast, and sesquipedalian
blackguard !

Sleep, weary ghosts, be at peace and abide in
your lexicon-limbo !

Sleep, as in lava for ages your Herculeanean
kindred,

Sleep, for aught that I care, ' the sleep that knows
no waking,'

28 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Herodotus, Pindar,
and Plato.

Three weeks hence be it time to exhume our
dreary classics.

And in the chorus joined Lindsay, the Piper,
the Dialectician,

Three weeks hence we return to the *shop* and
the *wash-hand-stand-basin*

(These are the Piper's names for the bathing-place
and the cottage),

Three weeks hence unbury *Thicksides* and *hairy*
Aldrich.

But the Tutor inquired, the grave man, nick-named
Adam,

Who are they that go, and when do they promise
returning ?

And a silence ensued, and the Tutor himself
continued,

Airlie remains, I presume, he continued, and
Hobbes and Hewson.

Answer was made him by Philip, the poet, the
eloquent speaker :

Airlie remains, I presume, was the answer, and
Hobbes, peradventure ;

Tarry let Airlie May-fairly, and Hobbes, brief-
kilted hero,

Tarry let Hobbes in kilt, and Airlie 'abide in his
breeches ;'

Tarry let these, and read, four Pindars apiece an'
it like them !

Weary of reading am I, and weary of walks pre-
scribed us ;

Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more
weary,

Eager to range over heather unfettered of gillie
and marquis,

I will away with the rest, and bury my dismal
classics.

And to the Tutor rejoining, Be mindful ; you go
up at Easter,

This was the answer returned by Philip, the Pugin
of women.

Good are the Ethics I wis ; good absolute, not for
me, though ;

Good, too, Logic, of course ; in itself, but not in
fine weather.

Three weeks hence, with the rain, to Prudence,
Temperance, Justice,

Virtues Moral and Mental, with Latin prose
included ;

Three weeks hence we return to cares of classes
and classics.

I will away with the rest, and bury my dismal
classics.

But the Tutor inquired, the grave man, nick-
named Adam,

Where do you mean to go, and whom do you
mean to visit ?

And he was answered by Hope, the Viscount,
His Honour, of Ilay.

Kitcat, a Trinity *coach*, has a party at Drumna-
drochet,

Up on the side of Loch Ness, in the beautiful
valley of Urquhart ;

30 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Mainwaring says they will lodge us, and feed us,
 and give us a lift too :
 Only they talk ere long to remove to Glenmorison.
 Then at
 Castleton, high in Braemar, strange home, with
 his earliest party,
 Harrison, fresh from the schools, has James and
 Jones and Lauder.
 Thirdly, a Cambridge man I know, Smith, a senior
 wrangler,
 With a mathematical score hangs-out at Inveraray.
 Finally, too, from the kilt and the sofa said
 Hobbes in conclusion,
 Finally, Philip must hunt for that home of the
 probable poacher,
 Hid in the braes of Lochaber, the Bothie of
What-did-he-call-it.
 Hopeless of you and of us, of gillies and marquises
 hopeless,
 Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more
 weary,
 There shall he, smit by the charm of a lovely
 potato-uprooter,
 Study the question of sex in the Bothie of *What-*
did-he-call-it.

III

Namque canebat uti—

So in the golden morning they parted and went
 to the westward.
 And in the cottage with Airlie and Hobbes re-
 mained the Tutor ;

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 31

Reading nine hours a day with the Tutor, Hobbes
and Airlie ;

One between bathing and breakfast, and six before
it was dinner

(Breakfast at eight, at four, after bathing again,
the dinner),

Finally, two after walking and tea, from nine to
eleven.

Airlie and Adam at evening their quiet stroll
together

Took on the terrace-road, with the western hills
before them ;

Hobbes, only rarely a third, now and then in the
cottage remaining,

E'en after dinner, eupeptic, would rush yet again
to his reading ;

Other times, stung by the œstrum of some swift-
working conception,

Ranged, tearing on in his fury, an Io-cow through
the mountains,

Heedless of scenery, heedless of bogs, and of
perspiration,

On the high peaks, unwitting, the hares and
ptarmigan starting.

And the three weeks past, the three weeks,
three days over,

Neither letter had come, nor casual tidings any,
And the pupils grumbled, the Tutor became
uneasy,

And in the golden weather they wondered, and
watched to the westward.

There is a stream (I name not its name, lest
inquisitive tourist

32 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into
guide-books),
Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the
folds of great mountains,
Falling two miles through rowan and stunted
alder, enveloped
Then for four more in a forest of pine, where
broad and ample
Spreads, to convey it, the glen with heathery
slopes on both sides :
Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls
and narrows ;
But, where the glen of its course approaches the
vale of the river,
Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of
granite,
Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and
raging onward,
Forces its flood through a passage so narrow a
lady would step it.
There, across the great rocky wharves, a wooden
bridge goes,
Carrying a path to the forest ; below, three
hundred yards, say,
Lower in level some twenty-five feet, through flats
of shingle,
Stepping-stones and a cart-track cross in the open
valley.
But in the interval here the boiling pent-up
water
Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a basin,
Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness
and fury

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 33

Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a
mirror ;
Beautiful there for the colour derived from green
rocks under ;
Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam up-
rising
Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate
hue of the stillness,
Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent
birch boughs,
Here it lies, unthought of above at the bridge
and pathway,
Still more enclosed from below by wood and
rocky projection.
You are shut in, left alone with yourself and per-
fection of water,
Hid on all sides, left alone with yourself and the
goddess of bathing.
Here, the pride of the plunger, you stride the
fall and clear it ;
Here, the delight of the bather, you roll in beaded
sparklings,
Here into pure green depth drop down from lofty
ledges.
Hither, a month ago, they had come, and
discovered it ; hither
(Long a design, but long unaccountably left un-
accomplished),
Leaving the well-known bridge and pathway above
to the forest,
Turning below from the track of the carts over
stone and shingle,

D

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34 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Piercing a wood, and skirting a narrow and natural
causeway
Under the rocky wall that hedges the bed of the
streamlet,
Rounded a craggy point, and saw on a sudden
before them
Slabs of rock, and a tiny beach, and perfection of
water,
Picture-like beauty, seclusion sublime, and the
goddess of bathing.
There they bathed, of course, and Arthur, the Glory
of headers,
Leapt from the ledges with Hope, he twenty feet,
he thirty ;
There, overbold, great Hobbes from a ten-foot
height descended,
Prone, as a quadruped, prone with hands and feet
protending ;
There in the sparkling champagne, ecstatic, they
shrieked and shouted.
‘Hobbes’s gutter’ the Piper entitles the spot,
profanely,
Hope ‘the Glory’ would have, after Arthur, the
Glory of headers :
But, for before they departed, in shy and fugitive
reflex,
Here in the eddies and there did the splendour of
Jupiter glimmer ;
Adam adjudged it the name of Hesperus, star of
the evening.
Hither, to Hesperus, now, the star of evening
above them,

Come in their lonelier walk the pupils twain and
Tutor ;

Turned from the track of the carts, and passing
the stone and shingle,

Piercing the wood, and skirting the stream by the
natural causeway,

Rounded the craggy point, and now at their ease
looked up ; and

Lo, on the rocky ledge, regardant, the Glory of
headers,

Lo, on the beach, expecting the plunge, not cigar-
less, the Piper,—

And they looked, and wondered, incredulous,
looking yet once more.

Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo,
down-gazing,

Eyeing one moment the beauty, the life, ere he
flung himself in it,

Eyeing through eddying green waters the green-
tinting floor underneath them,

Eyeing the bead on the surface, the bead, like a
cloud rising to it,

Drinking-in, deep in his soul, the beautiful hue
and the clearness,

Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the
Glory of headers ;

Yes, and with fragrant weed, by his knapsack,
spectator and critic,

Seated on slab by the margin, the Piper, the Cloud-
compeller.

Yes, they were come ; were restored to the party,
its grace and its gladness,

36 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Yes, were here, as of old ; the light-giving orb of
the household,
Arthur, the shapely, the tranquil, the strength-and-
contentment diffusing,
In the pure presence of whom none could quarrel
long, nor be pettish,
And, the gay fountain of mirth, their dearly beloved
of Pipers ;
Yes, they were come, were here : but Hewson and
Hope—where they then ?
Are they behind, travel-sore, or ahead, going
straight, by the pathway ?
And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper,
the Cloud-compeller.
Hope with the uncle abideth for shooting. Ah
me, were I with him !
Ah, good boy that I am, to have stuck to my word
and my reading !
Good, good boy to be here, far away, who might
be at Balloch !
Only one day to have stayed who might have been
welcome for seven,
Seven whole days in castle and forest—gay in the
mazy
Moving, imbibing the rosy, and pointing a gun at
the horny !
And the Tutor impatient, expectant, interrupted.
Hope with the uncle, and Hewson—with him ? or
where have you left him ?
And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the
Cloud-compeller.
Hope with the uncle, and Hewson—Why, Hewson
we left in Rannoch,

By the lochside and the pines, in a farmer's house,
—reflecting—

Helping to shear,¹ and dry clothes, and bring in
peat from the peat-stack.

And the Tutor's countenance fell; perplexed,
dumb-founded

Stood he,—slow and with pain disengaging jest
from earnest.

He is not far from home, said Arthur from the
water,

He will be with us to-morrow, at latest, or the
next day,

And he was even more reassured by the Piper's
rejoinder.

Can he have come by the mail, and have got to
the cottage before us?

So to the cottage they went, and Philip was
not at the cottage;

But by the mail was a letter from Hope, who
himself was to follow.

Two whole days and nights succeeding brought
not Philip,

Two whole days and nights exhausted not question
and story.

For it was told, the Piper narrating, corrected
of Arthur.

Often by word corrected, more often by smile and
motion,

How they had been to Iona, to Staffa, to Skye, to
Culloden,

Seen Loch Awe, Loch Tay, Loch Fyne, Loch
Ness, Loch Arkaig,

¹ Reap.

38 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Been up Ben-nevis, Ben-more, Ben-cruachan, Ben-
 muick-dhui ;
 How they had walked, and eaten, and drunken,
 and slept in kitchens,
 Slept upon floors of kitchens, and tasted the real
 Glenlivat,
 Walked up perpendicular hills, and also down
 them,
 Hither and thither had been, and this and that
 had witnessed,
 Left not a thing to be done, and had not a copper
 remaining.
 For it was told withal, he telling, and he
 correcting,
 How in the race they had run, and beaten the
 gillies of Rannoch,
 How in forbidden glens, in Mar and midmost Athol,
 Philip insisting hotly, and Arthur and Hope
 compliant,
 They had defied the keepers ; the Piper alone
 protesting,
 Liking the fun, it was plain, in his heart, but
 tender of game-law ;
 Yea, too, in Meäly glen, the heart of Lochiel's
 fair forest,
 Where Scotch firs are darkest and amplest, and
 intermingle
 Grandly with rowan and ash—in Mar you have
 no ashes,
 There the pine is alone, or relieved by the birch
 and the alder—
 How in Meäly glen, while stags were starting
 before, they

Made the watcher believe they were guests from
Achnacarry.

And there was told moreover, he telling, the
other correcting,
Often by word, more often by mute significant
motion,

Much of the Cambridge *coach* and his pupils at
Inveraray,
Huge barbarian pupils, Expanded in Infinite
Series,

Firing-off signal guns (great scandal) from window
to window

(For they were lodging perforce in distant and
numerous houses),

Signals, when, one retiring, another should go to
the Tutor :—

Much too of Kitcat, of course, and the party at
Drumnadrochet,

Mainwaring, Foley, and Fraser, their idleness
horrid and dog-cart ;

Drumnadrochet was *seedy*, Glenmorison *adequate*,
but at

Castleton, high in Braemar, were the *clippingest*
places for bathing ;

One by the bridge in the village, indecent, the
Town Hall christened,

Where had Lauder howbeit been bathing, and
Harrison also,

Harrison even, the Tutor ; another like Hesperus
here, and

Up the water of Eye, half-a-dozen at least, all
stunners.

40 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

And it was told, the Piper narrating and Arthur
 correcting,
 Colouring he, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in
 picture,
 He to a matter-of-fact still softening, paring,
 abating,
 He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime
 and ideal,
 He to the merest it-was restricting, diminishing,
 dwarfing,
 River to streamlet reducing, and fall to slope
 subduing :
 So was it told, the Piper narrating, corrected of
 Arthur,
 How under Linn of Dee, where over rocks,
 between rocks,
 Freed from prison the river comes, pouring, rolling,
 rushing,
 Then at a sudden descent goes sliding, gliding,
 unbroken,
 Falling, sliding, gliding, in narrow space collected,
 Save for a ripple at last, a sheeted descent un-
 broken,—
 How to the element offering their bodies, down-
 shooting the fall, they
 Mingled themselves with the flood and the force
 of imperious water.
 And it was told too, Arthur narrating, the
 Piper correcting,
 How, as one comes to the level, the weight of the
 downward impulse
 Carries the head under water, delightful, unspeak-
 able ; how the

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 41

Piper, here ducked and blinded, got stray, and
borne-off by the current
Wounded his lily-white thighs, below, at the
craggy corner.

And it was told, the Piper resuming, corrected
of Arthur,

More by word than motion, change ominous,
noted of Adam,

How at the floating-bridge of Laggan, one morn-
ing at sunrise,

Came, in default of the ferryman, out of her bed
a brave lassie ;

And as Philip and she together were turning the
handles,

Winding the chain by which the boat works over
the water,

Hands intermingled with hands, and at last, as
they stepped from the boatie,

Turning about, they saw lips also mingle with lips ;
but

That was flatly denied and loudly exclaimed at by
Arthur :

How at the General's hut, the Inn by the Foyers
Fall, where

Over the loch looks at you the summit of Méal-
fourvónie,

How here too he was hunted at morning, and
found in the kitchen

Watching the porridge being made, pronouncing
them smoked for certain,

Watching the porridge being made, and asking
the lassie that made them

What was the Gaelic for *girl*, and what was the
 Gaelic for *pretty*;
 How in confusion he shouldered his knapsack, yet
 blushingly stammered,
 Waving a hand to the lassie, that blushingly bent
 o'er the porridge,
 Something outlandish—*Slan*-something, *Slan leat*,
 he believed, *Caleg Looach*—
 That was the Gaelic, it seemed, for 'I bid you
 good-bye, bonnie lassie ;'
 Arthur admitted it true, not of Philip, but of the
 Piper.

And it was told by the Piper, while Arthur
 looked out at the window,
 How in thunder and in rain—it is wetter far to
 the westward—
 Thunder and rain and wind, losing heart and
 road, they were welcomed,
 Welcomed, and three days detained at a farm by
 the lochside of Rannoch ;
 How in the three days' detention was Philip ob-
 served to be smitten,
 Smitten by golden-haired Katie, the youngest and
 comeliest daughter ;
 Was he not seen, even Arthur observed it, from
 breakfast to bedtime,
 Following her motions with eyes ever brightening,
 softening ever ?
 Did he not fume, fret, and fidget to find her stand
 waiting at table ?
 Was he not one mere St. Vitus' dance, when he
 saw her at nightfall

Go through the rain to fetch peat, through beating
rain to the peat-stack?
How too a dance, as it happened, was given by
Grant of Glenurchie,
And with the farmer they went as the farmer's
guests to attend it;
Philip stayed dancing till daylight,—and evermore
with Katie;
How the whole next afternoon he was with her
away in the shearing,¹
And the next morning ensuing was found in the
ingle beside her
Kneeling, picking the peats from her apron,—
blowing together,
Both, between laughing, with lips distended, to
kindle the embers;
Lips were so near to lips, one living cheek to
another,—
Though, it was true, he was shy, very shy,—yet
it wasn't in nature,
Wasn't in nature, the Piper averred, there shouldn't
be kissing;
So when at noon they had packed up the things,
and proposed to be starting,
Philip professed he was lame, would leave in the
morning and follow;
Follow he did not; do burns, when you go up a
glen, follow after?
Follow, he had not, nor left; do needles leave the
loadstone?
Nay, they had turned after starting, and looked
through the trees at the corner,

¹ Reaping.

Did not the Piper himself flirt more in a single evening,

Philip had stayed, it was true ; the Piper was
loth to depart too,

And it was certain that Philip was lame.

But tell me, said Hobbes interposing,
Did you not say she was seen every day in her
beauty and bedgown

How could he help but love her? nor lacked there
perhaps the attraction

That, in a blue cotton print tucked up over striped
linsey-woolsey,
Barefoot, barelegged, he beheld her, with arms
bare up to the elbows,
Bending with fork in her hand in a garden up-
rooting potatoes?

Is not Katie as Rachel, and is not Philip a Jacob?
Truly Jacob, supplanting a hairy Highland Esau?
Shall he not, love-entertained, feed sheep for the
Laban of Rannoch?

Patriarch happier he, the long servitude ended of
wooing,
If when he wake in the morning he find not a
Leah beside him!

But the Tutor inquired, who had bit his lip to
bleeding,
How far off is the place? who will guide me
thither to-morrow?

But by the mail, ere the morrow, came Hope,
and brought new tidings;
Round by Rannoch had come, and Philip was not
at Rannoch;
He had left at noon, an hour ago.

With the lassie?
With her? the Piper exclaimed. Undoubtedly!
By great Jingo!
And upon that he arose, slapping both his thighs
like a hero,
Partly for emphasis only, to mark his conviction,
but also
Part in delight at the fun, and the joy of eventful
living.

Hope couldn't tell him, of course, but thought
 it improbable wholly ;
 Janet, the Piper's friend, he had seen, and she
 didn't say so,
 Though she asked a good deal about Philip, and
 where he was gone to :
 One odd thing, by the bye, he continued, befell
 me while with her ;
 Standing beside her, I saw a girl pass ; I thought
 I had seen her,
 Somewhat remarkable-looking, elsewhere ; and
 asked what her name was ;
 Elspie Mackaye, was the answer, the daughter of
 David ! she's stopping
 Just above here, with her uncle. And David
 Mackaye, where lives he ?
 It's away west, she said ; they call it Tober-na-
 vuolich.

IV

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error

So in the golden weather they waited. But
 Philip returned not.
 Sunday six days thence a letter arrived in his
 writing.—
 But, O Muse, that encompasseth Earth like the
 ambient ether,
 Swifter than steamer or railway or magical missive
 electric,
 Belting like Ariel the sphere with the star-like
 trail of thy travel,

Thou with thy Poet, to mortals mere post-office
second-hand knowledge

Leaving, wilt seek in the moorland of Rannoch
the wandering hero.

There is it, there, or in lofty Lochaber, where,
silent upheaving,

Heaving from ocean to sky, and under snow-winds
of September,

Visibly whitening at morn to darken by noon in
the shining,

Rise on their mighty foundations the brethren
huge of Ben-nevis?

There, or westward away, where roads are un-
known to Loch Nevish,

And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the
westernmost islands?

There is it? there? or there? we shall find our
wandering hero?

Here, in Badenoch, here, in Lochaber anon, in
Lochiel, in

Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ard-
namurchan,

Here I see him and here: I see him; anon I lose
him!

Even as cloud passing subtly unseen from moun-
tain to mountain,

Leaving the crest of Ben-more to be palpable next
on Ben-vohrlich,

Or like to hawk of the hill which ranges and soars
in its hunting,

Seen and unseen by turns, now here, now in ether
eludent.

48 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Wherefore, as cloud of Ben-more or hawk
 over-ranging the mountains,
 Wherefore in Badenoch drear, in lofty Lochaber,
 Lochiel, and
 Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ardnamurchan,
 Wandereth he who should either with Adam be
 studying logic,
 Or by the lochside of Rannoch on Katie his
 rhetoric using ;
 He who, his three weeks past, past now long ago,
 to the cottage
 Punctual promised return to cares of classes and
 classics,
 He who, smit to the heart by that youngest
 comeliest daughter,
 Bent, unregardful of spies, at her feet, spreading
 clothes from her wash-tub ?
 Can it be with him through Badenoch, Morrer,
 and Ardnamurchan ;
 Can it be with him he beareth the golden-haired
 lassie of Rannoch ?
 This fierce, furious walking—o'er mountain-top
 and moorland,
 Sleeping in shieling and bothie, with drover on
 hill-side sleeping,
 Folded in plaid, where sheep are strewn thicker
 than rocks by Loch Awen,
 This fierce, furious travel unwearying—cannot in
 truth be
 Merely the wedding tour succeeding the week of
 wooing !

No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not ;
 I see him,
 Lo, and he sitteth alone, and these are his words
 in the mountain.
 Spirits escaped from the body can enter and be
 with the living ;
 Entering unseen, and retiring unquestioned, they
 bring,—do they feel too?—
 Joy, pure joy, as they mingle and mix inner
 essence with essence ;
 Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I
 could go and uphold her !
 Joy, pure joy, bringing with them, and, when they
 retire, leaving after
 No cruel shame, no prostration, despondency ;
 memories rather,
 Sweet happy hopes bequeathing. Ah ! wherefore
 not thus with the living ?
 Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I
 could go and uphold her !
 Is it impossible, say you, these passionate
 fervent impulsions,
 These projections of spirit to spirit, these inward
 embraces,
 Should in strange ways, in her dreams, should
 visit her, strengthen her, shield her ?
 Is it possible, rather, that these great floods of
 feeling
 Setting-in daily from me towards her should,
 impotent wholly,
 Bring neither sound nor motion to that sweet
 shore they heave to ?
 Efflux here, and there no stir nor pulse of influx !

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I
could go and uphold her !

Surely, surely, when sleepless I lie in the mountain
lamenting,

Surely, surely, she hears in her dreams a voice, ' I
am with thee,'

Saying, ' although not with thee ; behold, for we
mated our spirits

Then, when we stood in the chamber, and knew
not the words we were saying ;'

Yea, if she felt me within her, when not with one
finger I touched her,

Surely she knows it, and feels it while sorrowing
here in the moorland.

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I
could go and uphold her !

Spirits with spirits commingle and separate ;
lightly as winds do,

Spice-laden South with the ocean-born zephyr !
they mingle and sunder ;

No sad remorse for them, no visions of horror
and vileness.

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I
could go and uphold her !

Surely the force that here sweeps me along in
its violent impulse,

Surely my strength shall be in her, my help and
protection about her,

Surely in inner-sweet gladness and vigour of joy
shall sustain her,

Till, the brief winter o'er-past, her own true sap in
the springtide

Rise, and the tree I have bared be verdurous e'en
as aforetime !

Surely it may be, it should be, it must be. Yet
ever and ever,

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I
could go and uphold her !

No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not :
behold, for

Here he is sitting alone, and these are his words
in the mountain.

And, at the farm on the lochside of Rannoch, in
parlour and kitchen,

Hark ! there is music—the flowing of music, of
milk, and of whisky ;

Lo, I see piping and dancing ! and whom in the
midst of the battle

Cantering loudly along there, or, look you, with
arms uplifted,

Whistling, and snapping his fingers, and seizing
his gay-smiling Janet,

Whom ?—whom else but the Piper ? the wary
precognisant Piper,

Who, for the love of gay Janet, and mindful of old
invitation,

Putting it quite as a duty and urging grave claims
to attention,

True to his night had crossed over : there goeth
he, brimful of music,

Like a cork tossed by the eddies that foam under
furious lasher,

Like to skiff, lifted, uplifted, in lock, by the swift-
swelling sluices,

So with the music possessing him, swaying him,
 goeth he, look you,
 Swinging and flinging, and stamping and tramp-
 ing, and grasping and clasping
 Whom but gay Janet?—Him rivalling, Hobbes,
 briefest-kilted of heroes,
 Enters, O stoutest, O rashest of creatures, mere
 fool of a Saxon,
 Skill-less of philabeg, skill-less of reel too,—the
 whirl and the twirl o't:
 Him see I frisking, and whisking, and ever at
 swifter gyration
 Under brief curtain revealing broad acres—not of
 broad cloth.
 Him see I there and the Piper—the Piper what
 vision beholds not?
 Him and His Honour with Arthur, with Janet our
 Piper, and is it,
 Is it, O marvel of marvels! he too in the maze of
 the mazy,
 Skipping, and tripping, though stately, though
 languid, with head on one shoulder,
 Airlie, with sight of the waistcoat the golden-
 haired Katie consoling?
 Katie, who simple and comely, and smiling and
 blushing as ever,
 What though she wear on that neck a blue kerchief
 remembered as Philip's,
 Seems in her maidenly freedom to need small
 consolement of waistcoats!—
 Wherefore in Badenoch then, far-away, in
 Lochaber, Lochiel, in

Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, or Ardnamurchan,

Wanders o'er mountain and moorland, in shieling
or bothie is sleeping,

He, who,—and why should he not then? capricious? or is it rejected?

Might to the piping of Rannoch be pressing the
thrilling fair fingers,

Might, as he clasped her, transmit to her bosom
the throb of his own—yea,—

Might in the joy of the reel be wooing and winning
his Katie?

What is it Adam reads far off by himself in the
cottage?

Reads yet again with emotion, again is preparing
to answer?

What is it Adam is reading? What was it Philip
had written?

There was it writ, how Philip possessed
undoubtedly had been,

Deeply, entirely possessed by the charm of the
maiden of Rannoch;

Deeply as never before! how sweet and bewitching
he felt her

Seen still before him at work, in the garden, the
byre, the kitchen;

How it was beautiful to him to stoop at her side
in the shearing,

Binding uncouthly the ears that fell from her
dexterous sickle,

Building uncouthly the stooks,¹ which she laid by
her sickle to straighten,

¹ Shocks.

54 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

How at the dance he had broken through shyness ;
 for four days after
 Lived on her eyes, unspeaking what lacked not
 articulate speaking ;
 Felt too that she too was feeling what he did.—
 Howbeit they parted !
 How by a kiss from her lips he had seemed made
 nobler and stronger,
 Yea, for the first time in life a man complete and
 perfect,
 So forth ! much that before has been heard of.—
 Howbeit they parted !
 What had ended it all, he said, was singular,
 very.—
 I was walking along some two miles off from the
 cottage
 Full of my dreamings—a girl went by in a party
 with others ;
 She had a cloak on, was stepping on quickly, for
 rain was beginning ;
 But as she passed, from her hood I saw her eyes
 look at me.
 So quick a glance, so regardless I, that although
 I had felt it,
 You couldn't properly say our eyes met. She cast
 it, and left it :
 It was three minutes perhaps ere I knew what it
 was. I had seen her
 Somewhere before I am sure, but that wasn't it ;
 not its import :
 No, it had seemed to regard me with simple
 superior insight,

Quietly saying to itself—Yes, there he is still in
 his fancy,
 Letting drop from him at random as things not
 worth his considering
 All the benefits gathered and put in his hands by
 fortune,
 Loosing a hold which others, contented and
 unambitious,
 Trying down here to keep up, know the value of
 better than he does.
 What is this? was it perhaps?—Yes, there he is
 still in his fancy,
 Doesn't yet see we have here just the things he
 is used to elsewhere ;
 People here too are people and not as fairy-land
 creatures ;
 He is in a trance, and possessed ; I wonder how
 long to continue ;
 It is a shame and a pity—and no good likely to
 follow.—
 Something like this, but indeed I cannot attempt
 to define it.
 Only, three hours thence I was off and away in
 the moorland,
 Hiding myself from myself if I could ; the arrow
 within me.
 Katie was not in the house, thank God : I saw her
 in passing,
 Saw her, unseen myself, with the pang of a cruel
 desertion ;
 What she thinks about it, God knows ! poor child ;
 may she only

Think me a fool and a madman, and no more
worth her remembering !

Meantime all through the mountains I hurry and
know not whither,

Tramp along here, and think, and know not what
I should think.

Tell me then, why, as I sleep amid hill-tops
high in the moorland,

Still in my dreams I am pacing the streets of the
dissolute city,

Where dressy girls slithering by upon pavements
give sign for accosting,

Paint on their beautiless cheeks, and hunger and
shame in their bosoms ;

Hunger by drink, and by that which they shudder
yet burn for, appeasing,—

Hiding their shame—ah God !—in the glare of
the public gas-lights ?

Why, while I feel my ears catching through
slumber the run of the streamlet,

Still am I pacing the pavement, and seeing the
sign for accosting,

Still am I passing those figures, not daring to look
in their faces ?

Why, when the chill, ere the light, of the daybreak
uneasily wakes me,

Find I a cry in my heart crying up to the heaven
of heavens,

No, Great Unjust Judge ! she is purity ; I am the
lost one.

You will not think that I soberly look for such
things for sweet Katie ;

No, but the vision is on me ; I now first see how
it happens,
Feel how tender and soft is the heart of a girl ;
how passive
Fain would it be, how helpless ; and helplessness
leads to destruction.
Maiden reserve torn from off it, grows never again
to reclothe it,
Modesty broken through once to immodesty flies
for protection.
Oh, who saws through the trunk, though he leave
the tree up in the forest,
When the next wind casts it down,—is *his* not
the hand that smote it ?

This is the answer, the second, which, pondering
long with emotion,
There by himself in the cottage the Tutor addressed
to Philip.

I have perhaps been severe, dear Philip, and
hasty ; forgive me ;
For I was fain to reply ere I wholly had read
through your letter ;
And it was written in scraps with crossings and
counter-crossings
Hard to connect with each other correctly, and
hard to decipher ;
Paper was scarce, I suppose : forgive me ; I write
to console you.

Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought
in the market ;
Knowledge needful for all, yet cannot be had for
the asking.

58 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

There are exceptional beings, one finds them
 distant and rarely,
 Who, endowed with the vision alike and the
 interpretation,
 See, by the neighbours' eyes and their own still
 motions enlightened,
 In the beginning the end, in the acorn the oak of
 the forest,
 In the child of to-day its children to long genera-
 tions,
 In a thought or a wish a life, a drama, an epos.
 There are inheritors, is it? by mystical genera-
 tion
 Heiring the wisdom and ripeness of spirits gone
 by; without labour
 Owning what others by doing and suffering earn;
 what old men
 After long years of mistake and erasure are proud
 to have come to,
 Sick with mistake and erasure possess when
 possession is idle.
 Yes, there is power upon earth, seen feebly in
 women and children,
 Which can, laying one hand on the cover, read
 off, unfaltering,
 Leaf after leaf unlifted, the words of the closed
 book under,
 Words which we are poring at, hammering at,
 stumbling at, spelling.
 Rare is this; wisdom mostly is bought for a price
 in the market;—
 Rare is this; and happy, who buys so much for
 so little,

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 59

As I conceive have you, and as I will hope has
Katie.

Knowledge is needful for man,—needful no less
for woman,

Even in Highland glens, were they vacant of
shooter and tourist.

Not that, of course, I mean to prefer your blindfold
hurry

Unto a soul that abides most loving yet most
withholding ;

Least unfeeling though calm, self-contained yet
most unselfish ;

Renders help and accepts it, a man among men
that are brothers,

Views, not plucks the beauty, adores, and demands
no embracing,

So in its peaceful passage whatever is lovely and
gracious

Still without seizing or spoiling, itself in itself
reproducing.

No, I do not set Philip herein on the level of
Arthur ;

No, I do not compare still tarn with furious torrent,
Yet will the tarn overflow, assuaged in the lake be
the torrent.

Women are weak, as you say, and love of all
things to be passive,

Passive, patient, receptive, yea, even of wrong
and misdoing,

Even to force and misdoing with joy and victorious
feeling

Patient, passive, receptive ; for that is the strength
of their being,

60 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Like to the earth taking all things, and all to
good converting.

Oh 'tis a snare indeed !—Moreover, remember it,
Philip,

To the prestige of the richer the lowly are prone
to be yielding,

Think that in dealing with them they are raised
to a different region,

Where old laws and morals are modified, lost,
exist not ;

Ignorant they as they are, they have but to con-
form and be yielding.

But I have spoken of this already, and need
not repeat it.

You will not now run after what merely attracts
and entices,

Every-day things highly-coloured, and common-
place carved and gilded.

You will henceforth seek only the good : and seek
it, Philip,

Where it is—not more abundant, perhaps, but—
more easily met with ;

Where you are surer to find it, less likely to run
into error,

In your station, not thinking about it, but not
disregarding.

So was the letter completed : a postscript after-
ward added,

Telling the tale that was told by the dancers re-
turning from Rannoch.

So was the letter completed : but query, whither
to send it ?

Not for the will of the wisp, the cloud, and the
hawk of the moorland,
Ranging afar thro' Lochaber, Lochiel, and Knoy-
dart, and Moydart,
Have even latest extensions adjusted a postal
arrangement.

Query resolved very shortly, when Hope, from
his chamber descending,
Came with a note in his hand from the Lady, his
aunt, at the Castle ;
Came and revealed the contents of a missive that
brought strange tidings ;
Came and announced to the friends, in a voice
that was husky with wonder,
Philip was staying at Balloch, was there in the
room with the Countess,
Philip to Balloch had come and was dancing with
Lady Maria.

Philip at Balloch, he said, after all that stately
refusal,
He there at last—O strange ! O marvel, marvel
of marvels !

Airlie, the Waistcoat, with Katie, we left him this
morning at Rannoch ;
Airlie with Katie, he said, and Philip with Lady
Maria.

And amid laughter Adam paced up and down,
repeating
Over and over, unconscious, the phrase which
Hope had lent him,
Dancing at Balloch, you say, in the Castle, with
Lady Maria.

V

—*Putavi**Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.*

So in the cottage with Adam the pupils five together
 Duly remained, and read, and looked no more for
 Philip,
 Philip at Balloch shooting and dancing with Lady
 Maria.
 Breakfast at eight, and now, for brief September
 daylight,
 Luncheon at two, and dinner at seven, or even
 later,
 Five full hours between for the loch and the glen
 and the mountain,—
 So in the joy of their life and glory of shooting-
 jackets,
 So they read and roamed, the pupils five with
 Adam.

What if autumnal shower came frequent and
 chill from the westward,
 What if on browner sward with yellow leaves
 besprinkled,
 Gemming the crispy blade, the delicate gossamer
 gemming,
 Frequent and thick lay at morning the chilly beads
 of hoar-frost,
 Duly in *matutine* still, and daily, whatever the
 weather,
 Bathed in the rain and the frost and the mist with
 the Glory of headers

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 63

Hope. Thither also at times, of cold and of
possible gutters
Careless, unmindful, unconscious, would Hobbes,
or ere they departed,
Come, in heavy pea-coat his trouserless trunk
enfolding,
Come, under coat over-brief those lusty legs displaying,
All from the shirt to the slipper the natural man
revealing.

Duly there they bathed and daily, the twain or
the trio,
Where in the morning was custom, where over a
ledge of granite
Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended :
Beautiful, very, to gaze in ere plunging ; beautiful
also,
Perfect as picture, as vision entrancing that comes
to the sightless,
Through the great granite jambs the stream, the
glen, and the mountain,
Beautiful, seen by snatches in intervals of dressing,
Morn after morn, unsought for, recurring ; themselves too seeming
Not as spectators, accepted into it, immingled, as truly
Part of it as are the kine in the field lying there
by the birches.
So they bathed, they read, they roamed in glen
and forest ;
Far amid blackest pines to the waterfall they
shadow,

64 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Far up the long, long glen to the loch, and the
loch beyond it,
Deep, under huge red cliffs, a secret ; and oft by
the starlight,
Or the aurora, perchance, racing home for the
eight o'clock mutton.
So they bathed, and read, and roamed in heathery
Highland ;
There in the joy of their life and glory of shooting-
jackets
Bathed and read and roamed, and looked no more
for Philip.

List to a letter that came from Philip at Balloch
to Adam.

I am here, O my friend !—idle, but learning
wisdom.

Doing penance, you think ; content, if so, in my
penance.

Often I find myself saying, while watching in
dance or on horseback

One that is here, in her freedom and grace, and
imperial sweetness,

Often I find myself saying, old faith and doctrine
abjuring,

Into the crucible casting philosophies, facts,
convictions,—

Were it not well that the stem should be naked of
leaf and of tendril,

Poverty-stricken, the barest, the dismallest stick
of the garden ;

Flowerless, leafless, unlovely, for ninety-and-nine
long summers,

So in the hundredth, at last, were bloom for one
day at the summit,
So but that fleeting flower were lovely as Lady
Maria.

Often I find myself saying, and know not
myself as I say it,
What of the poor and the weary? their labour
and pain is needed.
Perish the poor and the weary! what can they
better than perish,
Perish in labour for her, who is worth the
destruction of empires?
What! for a mite, for a mote, an impalpable
odour of honour,
Armies shall bleed; cities burn; and the soldier
red from the storming
Carry hot rancour and lust into chambers of
mothers and daughters:
What! would ourselves for the cause of an hour
encounter the battle,
Slay and be slain; lie rotting in hospital, hulk,
and prison:
Die as a dog dies; die mistaken perhaps, and
dishonoured.
Yea,—and shall hodmen in beer-shops complain
of a glory denied them,
Which could not ever be theirs more than now it
is theirs as spectators?
Which could not be, in all earth, if it were not
for labour of hodmen?
And I find myself saying, and what I am
saying, discern not,

Dig in thy deep dark prison, O miner ! and finding
be thankful ;

Though unpolished by thee, unto thee unseen in
perfection,

While thou art eating black bread in the poisonous
air of thy cavern,

Far away glitters the gem on the peerless neck of
a Princess.

Dig, and starve, and be thankful ; it is so, and
thou hast been aiding.

Often I find myself saying, in irony is it, or
earnest ?

Yea, what is more, be rich, O ye rich ! be sublime
in great houses,

Purple and delicate linen endure ; be of Burgundy
patient ;

Suffer that service be done you, permit of the page
and the valet,

Vex not your souls with annoyance of charity
schools or of districts,

Cast not to swine of the sty the pearls that should
gleam in your foreheads.

Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to
proudness,

Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to
behold you ;

Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous ; only
be lovely,—

Sumptuous not for display, and joyous, not for
enjoyment ;

Not for enjoyment truly ; for Beauty and God's
great glory !

Yes, and I say, and it seems inspiration—of
Good or of Evil !

Is it not He that hath done it, and who shall dare
gainsay it ?

Is it not even of Him, who hath made us ?—Yea,
for the lions,

*Roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from
God !*

Is it not even of Him, who one kind over another
All the works of His hand hath disposed in a
wonderful order ?

Who hath made man, as the beasts, to live the
one on the other,

Who hath made man as Himself to know the law
—and accept it !

You will wonder at this, no doubt ! I also
wonder !

But we must live and learn ; we can't know all
things at twenty.

List to a letter of Hobbes to Philip his friend at
Balloch.

All Cathedrals are Christian, all Christians are
Cathedrals,

Such is the Catholic doctrine ; 'tis ours with a
slight variation ;

Every woman is, or ought to be, a Cathedral,
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and
perfect,

Built by that only law, that Use be suggester of
Beauty,

Nothing concealed that is done, but all things
done to adornment,

Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and embellish.—

So had I duly commenced in the spirit and style of my Philip,
So had I formally opened the Treatise upon *the Laws of Architectural Beauty in Application to Women*,
So had I writ.—But my fancies are palsied by tidings they tell me.

Tidings—ah me, can it be then? that I, the blasphemer accounted,

Here am with reverent heed at the wondrous Analogy working,

Pondering thy words and thy gestures, whilst thou, a prophet apostate,

(How are the mighty fallen!) whilst thou, a shepherd travestie,

(How are the mighty fallen!) with gun,—with pipe no longer,

Teachest the woods to re-echo thy game-killing recantations,

Teachest thy verse to exalt Amaryllis, a Countess's daughter?

What, thou forgettest, bewildered, my Master, that rightly considered

Beauty must ever be useful, what truly is useful is graceful?

She that is handy is handsome, good dairy-maids must be good-looking,

If but the butter be nice, the tournure of the elbow is shapely,

If the cream-cheeses be white, far whiter the hands that made them,

If—but alas, is it true? while the pupil alone in
the cottage

Slowly elaborates here thy System of Feminine
Graces,

Thou in the palace, its author, art dining, small-
talking and dancing,

Dancing and pressing the fingers kid-gloved of a
Lady Maria.

These are the final words, that came to the
Tutor from Balloch.

I am conquered, it seems! you will meet me, I
hope, in Oxford,

Altered in manners and mind. I yield to the
laws and arrangements,

Yield to the ancient existent decrees: who am I
to resist them?

Yes, you will find me altered in mind, I think, as
in manners,

Anxious too to atone for six weeks' loss of your
Logic.

So in the cottage with Adam, the pupils five
together,

Read, and bathed, and roamed, and thought not
now of Philip,

All in the joy of their life, and glory of shooting-
jackets.

VI

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin

BRIGHT October was come, the misty-bright
October,

Bright October was come to burn and glen and
cottage ;

But the cottage was empty, the *matutine* deserted.

Who are these that walk by the shore of the
salt sea water ?

Here in the dusky eve, on the road by the salt
sea water ?

Who are these ? and where ? it is no sweet
seclusion ;

Blank hill-sides slope down to a salt sea loch at
their bases,

Scored by runnels, that fringe ere they end with
rowan and alder ;

Cottages here and there outstanding bare on the
mountain,

Peat-roofed, windowless, white ; the road under-
neath by the water.

There on the blank hill-side, looking down
through the loch to the ocean,

There with a runnel beside, and pine-trees twain
before it,

There with the road underneath, and in sight of
coaches and steamers,

Dwelling of David Mackaye, and his daughters
Elspie and Bella,

Sends up a column of smoke the Bothie of Tober-
na-vuolich.

And of the older twain, the elder was telling
 the younger,
 How on his pittance of soil he lived, and raised
 potatoes,
 Barley, and oats, in the bothie where lived his
 father before him ;
 Yet was smith by trade, and had travelled making
 horse-shoes
 Far ; in the army had seen some service with
 brave Sir Hector,
 Wounded soon, and discharged, disabled as smith
 and soldier ;
 He had been many things since that,—drover,
 schoolmaster,
 Whitesmith,—but when his brother died childless
 came up hither ;
 And although he could get fine work that would
 pay in the city,
 Still was fain to abide where his father abode
 before him.
 And the lassies are bonnie,—I'm father and
 mother to them,—
 Bonnie and young ; they're healthier here, I judge,
 and safer,
 I myself find time for their reading, writing, and
 learning.
 So on the road they walk by the shore of the
 salt sea water,
 Silent a youth and maid, and elders twain con-
 versing.
 This was the letter that came when Adam was
 leaving the cottage.

72 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

If you can manage to see me before going off to
Dartmoor,
Come by Tuesday's coach through Glencoe (you
have not seen it),
Stop at the ferry below, and ask your way (you
will wonder,
There however I am) to the Bothie of Tober-na-
vuolich.

And on another scrap, of next day's date, was
written :—

It was by accident purely I lit on the place ; I was
returning,
Quietly, travelling homeward by one of these
wretched coaches ;
One of the horses cast a shoe ; and a farmer passing
Said, Old David's your man ; a clever fellow at
shoeing
Once ; just here by the firs ; they call it Tober-
na-vuolich.

So I saw and spoke with David Mackaye, our
acquaintance.

When we came to the journey's end some five
miles farther,
In my unoccupied evening I walked back again to
the bothie.

But on a final crossing, still later in date, was
added :

Come as soon as you can ; be sure and do not
refuse me.

Who would have guessed I should find my haven
and end of my travel,

Here, by accident too, in the bothie we laughed
about so ?

Who would have guessed that here would be she
 whose glance at Rannoch
 Turned me in that mysterious way ; yes, angels
 conspiring,
 Slowly drew me, conducted me, home, to herself ;
 the needle

Which in the shaken compass flew hither and
 thither, at last, long

Quivering, poises to north. I think so. But I
 am cautious :

More, at least, than I was in the old silly days
 when I left you.

Not at the bothie now ; at the changehouse in
 the clachan ;¹

Why I delay my letter is more than I can tell
 you.

There was another scrap, without or date or
 comment,

Dotted over with various observations, as follows :
 Only think, I had danced with her twice, and did
 not remember.

I was as one that sleeps on the railway ; one, who
 dreaming

Hears thro' his dream the name of his home shouted
 out ; hears and hears not,—

Faint, and louder again, and less loud, dying in
 distance ;

Dimly conscious, with something of inward debate
 and choice,—and

Sense of claim and reality present, anon relapses

¹ Public-house in the hamlet.

Nevertheless, and continues the dream and fancy,
while forward

Swiftly, remorseless, the car presses on, he knows
not whither.

Handsome who handsome is, who handsome
does is more so ;

Pretty is all very pretty, it's prettier far to be
useful.

No, fair Lady Maria, I say not that ; but I *will*
say,

Stately is service accepted, but lovelier service
rendered,

Interchange of service the law and condition of
beauty :

Any way beautiful only to be the thing one is
meant for.

I, I am sure, for the sphere of mere ornament am
not intended :

No, nor she, I think, thy sister at Tober-na-
vuolich.

This was the letter of Philip, and this had brought
the Tutor :

This is why Tutor and pupil are walking with
David and Elspie.—

When for the night they part, and these, once
more together,

Went by the lochside along to the changehouse
near in the clachan,

Thus to his pupil anon commenced the grave man,
Adam.

Yes, she is beautiful, Philip, beautiful even as
morning :

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 75

Yes, it is that which I said, the Good and not the
Attractive !

Happy is he that finds, and finding does not leave
it !

Ten more days did Adam with Philip abide at
the changehouse,

Ten more nights they met, they walked with father
and daughter.

Ten more nights, and night by night more distant
away were

Philip and she ; every night less heedful, by habit,
the father.

Happy ten days, most happy : and, otherwise than
intended,

Fortunate visit of Adam, companion and friend to
David.

Happy ten days, be ye fruitful of happiness ! Pass
o'er them slowly,

Slowly ; like cruse of the prophet be multiplied,
even to ages !

Pass slowly o'er them, ye days of October ; ye
soft misty mornings,

Long dusky eves ; pass slowly ; and thou, great
Term-time of Oxford

Awful with lectures and books, and Little-goes, and
Great-goes,

Till but the sweet bud be perfect, recede and
retire for the lovers,

Yea, for the sweet love of lovers, postpone thyself
even to doomsday !

Pass o'er them slowly, ye hours ! Be with
them, ye Loves and Graces !

76 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Indirect and evasive no longer, a cowardly
 bather,
 Clinging to bough and to rock, and sidling along
 by the edges,
 In your faith, ye Muses and Graces, who love the
 plain present,
 Scorning historic abridgment and artifice anti-
 poetic,
 In your faith, ye Muses and Loves, ye Loves and
 Graces,
 I will confront the great peril, and speak with the
 mouth of the lovers,
 As they spoke by the alders, at evening, the
 runnel below them,
 Elspie, a diligent knitter, and Philip her fingers
 watching.

VII

*Vesper adest, juvenes, consurgite : Vesper Olympo
 Expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit*

FOR she confessed, as they sat in the dusk, and
 he saw not her blushes,
 Elspie confessed at the sports long ago with her
 father she saw him,
 When at the door the old man had told him the
 name of the bothie ;
 Then after that at the dance ; yet again at a dance
 in Rannoch—
 And she was silent, confused. Confused much
 rather Philip
 Buried his face in his hands, his face that with
 blood was bursting.

Silent, confused, yet by pity she conquered her fear, and continued.

Katie is good and not silly ; be comforted, Sir, about her ;

Katie is good and not silly ; tender, but not, like many,

Carrying off, and at once, for fear of being seen, in the bosom

Locking-up as in a cupboard the pleasure that any man gives them,

Keeping it out of sight as a prize they need be ashamed of ;

That is the way, I think, Sir, in England more than in Scotland ;

No, she lives and takes pleasure in all, as in beautiful weather,

Sorry to lose it, but just as we would be to lose fine weather.

And she is strong to return to herself and feel undeserted,

Oh, she is strong, and not silly : she thinks no further about you ;

She has had kerchiefs before from gentle, I know, as from simple.

Yes, she is good and not silly ; yet were you wrong, Mr. Philip,

Wrong, for yourself perhaps more than for her.

But Philip replied not,

Raised not his eyes from the hands on his knees.

And Elspie continued.

That was what gave me much pain, when I met you that dance at Rannoch,

Dancing myself too with you, while Katie danced
with Donald ;

That was what gave me such pain ; I thought it
all a mistaking,

All a mere chance, you know, and accident,—not proper choosing,—

There were at least five or six—not there, no,
that I don't say.

But in the country about—you might just as well have been courting

That was what gave me much pain, and (you won't remember that, though),

Three days after, I met you, beside my uncle's,
walking,

And I was wondering much, and hoped you
wouldn't notice.

So as I passed I couldn't help looking. You didn't know me.

But I was glad, when I heard next day you were gone to the teacher.

And uplifting his face at last, with eyes dilated,
Large as great stars in mist, and dim, with
dabbled lashes,

Philip, with new tears starting,

You think I do not remember,
Said,—suppose that I did not observe! Ah me,
shall I tell you?

Elsie, it was your look that sent me away from Rannoch.

It was your glance, that, descending, an instant
revelation.

Showed me where I was, and whitherward going ;
recalled me.

Sent me, not to my books, but to wrestlings of
thought in the mountains.

Yes, I have carried your glance within me un-
dimmed, unaltered,

As a lost boat the compass some passing ship has
lent her,

Many a weary mile on road, and hill, and moor-
land :

And you suppose that I do not remember, I had
not observed it !

O, did the sailor bewildered observe when they
told him his bearings ?

O, did he cast overboard, when they parted, the
compass they gave him ?

And he continued more firmly, although with
stronger emotion :

Elspie, why should I speak it ? you cannot
believe it, and should not :

Why should I say that I love, which I all but said
to another ?

Yet should I dare, should I say, O Elspie, you
only I love ; you,

First and sole in my life that has been and surely
that shall be ;

Could—O, could you believe it, O Elspie, believe
it and spurn not ?

Is it—possible,—possible, Elspie ?

Well,—she answered,

And she was silent some time, and blushed all
over, and answered

Quietly, after her fashion, still knitting, Maybe,
I think of it,

80 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Though I don't know that I did : and she paused
 again ; but it may be,
 Yes,—I don't know, Mr. Philip,—but only it feels
 to me strangely,
 Like to the high new bridge, they used to build
 at, below there,
 Over the burn and glen on the road. You won't
 understand me.
 But I keep saying in my mind—this long time
 slowly with trouble
 I have been building myself, up, up, and toilfully
 raising,
 Just like as if the bridge were to do it itself with-
 out masons,
 Painfully getting myself upraised one stone on
 another,
 All one side I mean ; and now I see on the other
 Just such another fabric uprising, better and
 stronger,
 Close to me, coming to join me : and then I some-
 times fancy,—
 Sometimes I find myself dreaming at nights about
 arches and bridges,—
 Sometimes I dream of a great invisible hand
 coming down, and
 Dropping the great key-stone in the middle : there
 in my dreaming,
 There I felt the great key-stone coming in, and
 through it
 Feel the other part—all the other stones of the
 archway,
 Joined into mine with a strange happy sense of
 completeness. But, dear me,

This is confusion and nonsense. I mix all the things I can think of.

And you won't understand, Mr. Philip.

But while she was speaking,
So it happened, a moment she paused from her work, and pondering,

Laid her hand on her lap: Philip took it: she did not resist:

So he retained her fingers, the knitting being stopped. But emotion

Came all over her more and yet more from his hand, from her heart, and

Most from the sweet idea and image her brain was renewing.

So he retained her hand, and, his tears down-dropping on it,

Trembling a long time, kissed it at last. And she ended.

And as she ended, uprose he: saying, What have I heard? Oh,

What have I done, that such words should be said to me? Oh, I see it,

See the great key-stone coming down from the heaven of heavens;

And he fell at her feet, and buried his face in her apron.

But as under the moon and stars they went to the cottage,

Elspie sighed and said, Be patient, dear Mr. Philip,

Do not do anything hasty. It is all so soon, so sudden.

Do not say anything yet to any one.

Elspie, he answered,
Does not my friend go on Friday? I then shall
see nothing of you.

Do not I go myself on Monday?

But oh, he said, Elspie!
Do as I bid you, my child: do not go on calling
me Mr.;

Might I not just as well be calling you Miss
Elspie?

Call me, this heavenly night for once, for the first
time, Philip.

Philip, she said, and laughed, and said she
could not say it;

Philip, she said; he turned, and kissed the sweet
lips as they said it.

But on the morrow Elspie kept out of the way
of Philip:

And at the evening seat, when he took her hand
by the alders,

Drew it back, saying, almost peevishly,

No, Mr. Philip,
I was quite right, last night; it is too soon, too
sudden.

What I told you before was foolish perhaps, was
hasty.

When I think it over, I am shocked and terrified
at it.

Not that at all I unsay it; that is, I know I said
it,

And when I said it, felt it. But oh, we must wait,
Mr. Philip!

We mustn't pull ourselves at the great key-stone
of the centre :

Some one else up above must hold it, fit it, and
fix it ;

If we try ourselves, we shall only damage the
archway,

Damage all our own work that we wrought, our
painful upbuilding.

When, you remember, you took my hand last
evening, talking,

I was all over a tremble : and as you pressed the
fingers

After, and afterwards kissed them, I could not
speak. And then, too,

As we went home, you kissed me for saying your
name. It was dreadful.

I have been kissed before, she added, blushing
slightly,

I have been kissed more than once by Donald my
cousin, and others ;

It is the way of the lads, and I make up my mind
not to mind it ;

But, Mr. Philip, last night, and from you, it was
different, quite, Sir.

When I think of all that, I am shocked and
terrified at it.

Yes, it is dreadful to me.

She paused, but quickly continued,
Smiling almost fiercely, continued, looking upward.
You are too strong, you see, Mr. Philip ! just like
the sea there,

Which *will* come, through the straits and all
between the mountains

Forcing its great strong tide into every nook and
inlet,
Getting far in, up the quiet stream of sweet inland
water,
Sucking it up, and stopping it, turning it, driving
it backward,
Quite preventing its own quiet running : and then,
soon after,
Back it goes off, leaving weeds on the shore, and
wrack and uncleanness :
And the poor burn in the glen tries again its
peaceful running,
But it is brackish and tainted, and all its banks in
disorder.
That was what I dreamt all last night. I was the
burnie,
Trying to get along through the tyrannous brine,
and could not :
I was confined and squeezed in the coils of the
great salt tide, that
Would mix-in itself with me, and change me ; I
felt myself changing ;
And I struggled, and screamed, I believe, in my
dream. It was dreadful.
You are too strong, Mr. Philip ! I am but a poor
slender burnie,
Used to the glens and the rocks, the rowan and
birch of the woodies,
Quite unused to the great salt sea ; quite afraid
and unwilling.
Ere she had spoken two words, had Philip
released her fingers ;

As she went on, he recoiled, fell back, and shook
and shivered ;

There he stood, looking pale and ghastly ; when
she had ended,

Answering in hollow voice,

It is true ; oh, quite true, Elspie ;
Oh, you are always right ; oh, what, what have I
been doing ?

I will depart to-morrow. But oh, forget me not
wholly,

Wholly, Elspie, nor hate me ; no, do not hate me,
my Elspie.

But a revulsion passed through the brain and
bosom of Elspie ;

And she got up from her seat on the rock, putting
by her knitting ;

Went to him, where he stood, and answered :

No, Mr. Philip,
No, you are good, Mr. Philip, and gentle ; and I
am the foolish :

No, Mr. Philip, forgive me.

She stepped right to him, and boldly
Took up his hand, and placed it in hers : he dared
no movement ;

Took up the cold hanging hand, up-forcing the
heavy elbow.

I am afraid, she said, but I will ; and kissed the
fingers.

And he fell on his knees and kissed her own past
counting.

But a revulsion wrought in the brain and bosom
of Elspie ;

And the passion she just had compared to the
 vehement ocean,
 Urging in high spring-tide its masterful way
 through the mountains,
 Forcing and flooding the silvery stream, as it runs
 from the inland ;
 That great power withdrawn, receding here and
 passive,
 Felt she in myriad springs, her sources far in the
 mountains,
 Stirring, collecting, rising, upheaving, forth-out-
 flowing,
 Taking and joining, right welcome, that delicate
 rill in the valley,
 Filling it, making it strong, and still descending,
 seeking,
 With a blind forefeeling descending ever, and
 seeking,
 With a delicious forefeeling, the great still sea
 before it ;
 There deep into it, far, to carry, and lose in its
 bosom,
 Waters that still from their sources exhaustless
 are fain to be added.
 As he was kissing her fingers, and knelt on the
 ground before her,
 Yielding backward she sank to her seat, and of
 what she was doing
 Ignorant, bewildered, in sweet multitudinous vague
 emotion,
 Stooping, knowing not what, put her lips to the
 hair on his forehead :

And Philip, raising himself, gently, for the first
time round her
Passing his arms, close, close, enfolded her, close
to his bosom.
As they went home by the moon, Forgive me,
Philip, she whispered ;
I have so many things to think of, all of a sudden ;
I who had never once thought a thing,—in my
ignorant Highlands.

VIII

Jam veniet virgo, jam dicetur Hymenæus

BUT a revulsion again came over the spirit of
Elspie,
When she thought of his wealth, his birth and
education :
Wealth indeed but small, though to her a difference
truly ;
Father nor mother had Philip, a thousand pounds
his portion,
Somewhat impaired in a world where nothing is
had for nothing ;
Fortune indeed but small, and prospects plain and
simple.
But the many things that he knew, and the
ease of a practised
Intellect's motion, and all those indefinable
graces
(Were they not hers, too, Philip ?) to speech, and
manner, and movement,

88 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Lent by the knowledge of self, and wisely instructed feeling,—
 When she thought of these, and these contemplated daily,
 Daily appreciating more, and more exactly appraising,—
 With these thoughts, and the terror withal of a thing she could not
 Estimate, and of a step (such a step!) in the dark to be taken,
 Terror nameless and ill-understood of deserting her station,—
 Daily heavier, heavier upon her pressed the sorrow,
 Daily distincter, distincter within her arose the conviction,
 He was too high, too perfect, and she so unfit, so unworthy
 (Ah me! Philip, that ever a word such as that should be written!),
 It would do neither for him nor for her; she also was something,
 Not much indeed, it was true, yet not to be lightly extinguished.
 Should *he—he*, she said, have a wife beneath him! herself be
 An inferior there where only equality can be?
 It would do neither for him nor for her.
Alas for Philip!
 Many were tears and great was perplexity. Nor had availed then
 All his prayer and all his device. But much was spoken

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 89

Now, between Adam and Elspie: companions
were they hourly:

Much by Elspie to Adam, inquiring, anxiously
seeking,

From his experience seeking impartial accurate
statement

What it was to do this or do that, go hither or
thither,

How in the after-life would seem what now seem-
ing certain

Might so soon be reversed; in her quest and
obscure exploring

Still from that quiet orb soliciting light to her
footsteps;

Much by Elspie to Adam, inquiringly, eagerly
seeking:

Much by Adam to Elspie, informing, reassuring,
Much that was sweet to Elspie, by Adam heed-
fully speaking,

Quietly, indirectly, in general terms, of Philip,
Gravely, but indirectly, not as incognisant wholly,
But as suspending until she should seek it, direct
intimation;

Much that was sweet in her heart of what he was
and would be,

Much that was strength to her mind, confirming
beliefs and insights

Pure and unfaltering, but young and mute and
timid for action:

Much of relations of rich and poor, and of true
education.

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright
October,

Then when brackens are changed, and heather
 blooms are faded,
 And amid russet of heather and fern green trees
 are bonnie ;
 Alders are green, and oaks ; the rowan scarlet
 and yellow ;
 One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the
 aspen,
 And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair
 of the birch-tree,
 Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace,
 and ear-rings,
 Cover her now, o'er and o'er ; she is weary and
 scatters them from her.
 There, upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright
 October,
 Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth
 to Philip,
 For as they talked, anon she said,

It is well, Mr. Philip.

 Yes, it is well : I have spoken, and learnt a deal
 with the teacher.
 At the last I told him all, I could not help it ;
 And it came easier with him than could have been
 with my father ;
 And he calmly approved, as one that had fully
 considered.
 Yes, it is well, I have hoped, though quite too
 great and sudden ;
 I am so fearful, I think it ought not to be for
 years yet.
 I am afraid ; but believe in you ; and I trust to
 the teacher ;

You have done all things gravely and temperate,
not as in passion ;

And the teacher is prudent, and surely can tell
what is likely.

What my father will say, I know not ; we will
obey him :

But for myself, I could dare to believe all well,
and venture.

O Mr. Philip, may it never hereafter seem to be
different !

And she hid her face—

Oh, where, but in Philip's bosom !

After some silence, some tears too perchance,
Philip laughed, and said to her,

So, my own Elspie, at last you are clear that
I'm bad enough for you.

Ah ! but your father won't make one half the
question about it

You have—he'll think me, I know, nor better nor
worse than Donald,

Neither better nor worse for my gentlemanship
and bookwork,

Worse, I fear, as he knows me an idle and vaga-
bond fellow,

Though he allows, but he'll think it was all for
your sake, Elspie,

Though he allows I did some good at the end of
the shearing.

But I had thought in Scotland you didn't care for
this folly.

How I wish, he said, you had lived all your days
in the Highlands !

This is what comes of the year you spent in our
foolish England.

You do not all of you feel these fancies.

No, she answered.

And in her spirit the freedom and ancient joy was
reviving.

No, she said, and uplifted herself, and looked for
her knitting,

No, nor do I, dear Philip, I don't myself feel
always

As I have felt, more sorrow for me, these four
days lately,

Like the Peruvian Indians I read about last winter,
Out in America there, in somebody's life of Pizarro;
Who were as good perhaps as the Spaniards; only
weaker;

And that the one big tree might spread its root
and branches,

All the lesser about it must even be felled and
perish.

No, I feel much more as if I, as well as you, were,
Somewhere, a leaf on the one great tree, that, up
from old time

Growing, contains in itself the whole of the virtue
and life of

Bygone days, drawing now to itself all kindreds
and nations

And must have for itself the whole world for its
root and branches.

No, I belong to the tree, I shall not decay in the
shadow;

Yes, and I feel the life-juices of all the world and
the ages,

Coming to me as to you, more slowly no doubt
and poorer :

You are more near, but then you will help to
convey them to me.

No, don't smile, Philip, now, so scornfully ! While
you look so

Scornful and strong, I feel as if I were standing
and trembling,

Fancying the burn in the dark a wide and rush-
ing river ;

And I feel coming unto me from you, or it may
be from elsewhere,

Strong contemptuous resolve ; I forget, and I
bound as across it.

But after all, you know, it may be a dangerous
river.

Oh, if it were so, Elspie, he said, I can carry
you over.

Nay, she replied, you would tire of having me
for a burden.

O sweet burden, he said, and are you not light
as a feather ?

But it is deep, very likely, she said, over head and
ears too.

O let us try, he answered, the waters themselves
will support us,

Yea, very ripples and waves will form to a boat
underneath us ;

There is a boat, he said, and a name is written
upon it,

Love, he said, and kissed her.—

But I will read your books, though,
Said she : you'll leave me some, Philip ?

Not I, replied he, a volume.
This is the way with you all, I perceive, high and
low together.

Women must read, as if they didn't know all before-
hand:

• Weary of plying the pump, we turn to the running
water,

And the running spring will needs have a pump
built upon it.

Weary and sick of our books, we come to repose
in your eyelight,

As to the woodland and water, the freshness and
beauty of Nature.

Lo, you will talk, forsooth, of things we are sick
to the death of.

What, she said, and if I have let you become
my sweetheart,

I am to read no books! but you may go your
ways then,

And I will read, she said, with my father at home
as I used to.

If you must have it, he said, I myself will read
them to you.

Well, she said, but no, I will read to myself,
when I choose it;

What, you suppose we never read anything here
in our Highlands,

Bella and I with the father, in all our winter
evenings!

But we must go, Mr. Philip—

I shall not go at all, said

He, if you call me Mr. Thank heaven! that's
over for ever.

No, but it's not, she said, it is not over, nor will be.

Was it not then, she asked, the name I called you first by?

No, Mr. Philip, no—you have kissed me enough for two nights;

No—come, Philip, come, or I'll go myself without you.

You never call me Philip, he answered, until I kiss you.

As they went home by the moon that waning now rose later,

Stepping through mossy stones by the runnel under the alders,

Loitering unconsciously, Philip, she said, I will not be a lady;

We will do work together—you do not wish me a lady.

It is a weakness perhaps and a foolishness; still it is so;

I have been used all my life to help myself and others;

I could not bear to sit and be waited on by footmen, No, not even by women—

And God forbid, he answered,
God forbid you should ever be aught but yourself,
my Elspie!

As for service, I love it not, I; your weakness is mine too,

I am sure Adam told you as much as that about me.

I am sure, she said, he called you wild and flighty.

That was true, he said, till my wings were
 clipped. But, my Elspie,
 You will at least just go and see my uncle and
 cousins,
 Sister, and brother, and brother's wife. You
 should go, if you liked it,
 Just as you are ; just what you are, at any rate,
 my Elspie.
 Yes, we will go, and give the old solemn gentility
 stage-play
 One little look, to leave it with all the more
 satisfaction.

That may be, my Philip, she said ; you are
 good to think of it.
 But we are letting our fancies run on indeed ; after
 all, it
 May all come, you know, Mr. Philip, to nothing
 whatever,
 There is so much that needs to be done, so much
 that may happen.
 All that needs to be done, said he, shall be
 done, and quickly.
 And on the morrow he took good heart, and
 spoke with David.

Not unwarned the father, nor had been unperceiv-
 ing :
 Fearful much, but in all from the first reassured
 by the Tutor.
 And he remembered how he had fancied the lad
 from the first ; and
 Then, too, the old man's eye was much more for
 inner than outer,

And the natural tune of his heart without mis-
giving
Went to the noble words of that grand song of the
Lowlands,
*Rank is the guinea stamp, but the man's a man for
a' that.*

Still he was doubtful, would hear nothing of it
now, but insisted
Philip should go to his books; if he chose, he
might write; if after
Chose to return, might come; he truly believed
him honest.
But a year must elapse, and many things might
happen.
Yet at the end he burst into tears, called Elspie,
and blessed them:
Elspie, my bairn, he said, I thought not when at
the doorway
Standing with you, and telling the young man
where he would find us,
I did not think he would one day be asking me
here to surrender
What is to me more than wealth in my Bothie of
Tober-na-vuolich.

IX

Arva, beata Petamus arva!

So on the morrow's morrow, with Term-time dread
returning,
Philip returned to his books, and read, and remained
at Oxford,

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That was true, he said, till my wings were
clipped. But, my Elspie,
You will at least just go and see my uncle and
cousins,
Sister, and brother, and brother's wife. You
should go, if you liked it,
Just as you are ; just what you are, at any rate,
my Elspie.
Yes, we will go, and give the old solemn gentility
stage-play
One little look, to leave it with all the more
satisfaction.
That may be, my Philip, she said ; you are
good to think of it.
But we are letting our fancies run on indeed ; after
all, it
May all come, you know, Mr. Philip, to nothing
whatever,
There is so much that needs to be done, so much
that may happen.
All that needs to be done, said he, shall be
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And on the morrow he took good heart, and
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from the first ; and
Then, too, the old man's eye was much more for
inner than outer,

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 97

And the natural tune of his heart without mis-
giving
Went to the noble words of that grand song of the
Lowlands,
*Rank is the guinea stamp, but the man's a man for
a' that.*

Still he was doubtful, would hear nothing of it
now, but insisted
Philip should go to his books; if he chose, he
might write; if after
Chose to return, might come; he truly believed
him honest.
But a year must elapse, and many things might
happen.
Yet at the end he burst into tears, called Elspie,
and blessed them:
Elspie, my bairn, he said, I thought not when at
the doorway
Standing with you, and telling the young man
where he would find us,
I did not think he would one day be asking me
here to surrender
What is to me more than wealth in my Bothie of
Tober-na-vuolich.

IX

Arva, beata Petamus arva!

So on the morrow's morrow, with Term-time dread
returning,
Philip returned to his books, and read, and remained
at Oxford,

98 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

All the Christmas and Easter remained and read
at Oxford.

Great was wonder in College when postman
showed to butler

Letters addressed to David Mackaye, at Tober-na-
vuolich,

Letter on letter, at least one a week, one every
Sunday :

Great at that Highland post was wonder too and
conjecture,

When the postman showed letters to wife, and wife
to the lassies,

And the lassies declared they couldn't be really to
David ;

Yes, they could see inside a paper with E. upon
it.

Great was surmise in College at breakfast, wine,
and supper,

Keen the conjecture and joke ; but Adam kept the
secret,

Adam the secret kept, and Philip read like fury.

This is a letter written by Philip at Christmas
to Adam.

There may be beings, perhaps, whose vocation it
is to be idle,

Idle, sumptuous even, luxurious, if it must be :

Only let each man seek to be that for which nature
meant him.

If you were meant to plough, Lord Marquis, out
with you, and do it ;

If you were meant to be idle, O beggar, behold, I
will feed you.

If you were born for a groom, and you seem, by
your dress, to believe so,

Do it like a man, Sir George, for pay, in a livery
stable ;

Yes, you may so release that slip of a boy at the
corner,

Fingering books at the window, misdoubting the
eighth commandment.

Ah, fair Lady Maria, God meant you to live and
be lovely ;

Be so then, and I bless you. But ye, ye spurious
ware, who

Might be plain women, and can be by no possibility
better !

—Ye unhappy statuettes, and miserable trinkets,
Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under
glass cases,

Come, in God's name, come down ! the very
French clock by you

Puts you to shame with ticking ; the fire-irons
deride you.

You, young girl, who have had such advantages,
learnt so quickly,

Can you not teach ? O yes, and she likes Sunday-
school extremely,

Only it's soon in the morning. Away ! if to teach
be your calling,

It is no play, but a business : off ! go teach and
be paid for it.

Lady Sophia's so good to the sick, so firm and so
gentle.

Is there a nobler sphere than of hospital nurse and
matron ?

Hast thou for cooking a turn, little Lady Clarissa ?
in with them,

In with your fingers ! their beauty it spoils, but
your own it enhances,

For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are
meant for.

This was the answer that came from the Tutor,
the grave man, Adam.

When the armies are set in array, and the battle
beginning,

Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to the
leftward

Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall do
best service ?

There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who
arrays our battalions ;

Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in
our stations.

This was the final retort from the eager, im-
petuous Philip.

I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me
sadly ;

Children of Circumstance are we to be ? you answer,
On no wise !

Where does Circumstance end, and Providence,
where begins it ?

What are we to resist, and what are we to be friends
with ?

If there is battle, 'tis battle by night, I stand in
the darkness,

Here in the mêlée of men, Ionian and Dorian on
both sides,

Signal and password known ; which is friend and
which is foeman ?

Is it a friend ? I doubt, though he speak with the
voice of a brother.

Still you are right, I suppose ; you always are, and
will be ;

Though I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to the
duty of order.

Yet is my feeling rather to ask, where *is* the battle ?

Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, notwithstanding
my Elspie,

O that the armies indeed were arrayed ! O joy
of the onset !

Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great
Cause, to array us,

King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing
seek thee.

Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O
where is the battle !

Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in
Israel,

Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,
Backed by a solemn appeal, 'For God's sake, do
not stir, there !'

Yet you are right, I suppose ; if you don't attack
my conclusion,

Let us get on as we can, and do the thing we are
fit for ;

Every one for himself, and the common success
for us all, and

Thankful, if not for our own, why then for the
triumph of others,

Get along, each as we can, and do the thing we
are meant for.

That isn't likely to be by sitting still, eating and
drinking.

These are fragments again without date ad-
dressed to Adam.

As at return of tide the total weight of ocean,
Drawn by moon and sun from Labrador and
Greenland,

Sets-in amain, in the open space betwixt Mull
and Scarba,

Heaving, swelling, spreading the might of the
mighty Atlantic ;

There into cranny and slit of the rocky, cavernous
bottom

Settles down, and with dimples huge the smooth
sea-surface

Eddies, coils, and whirls ; by dangerous Corry-
vreckan :

So in my soul of souls, through its cells and secret
recesses,

Comes back, swelling and spreading, the old
democratic fervour.

But as the light of day enters some populous
city,

Shaming away, ere it come, by the chilly day-
streak signal,

High and low, the misusers of night, shaming out
the gas-lamps—

All the great empty streets are flooded with
broadening clearness,

Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous access

Permeates far and pierces to the very cellars
 lying in
 Narrow high back-lane, and court, and alley of
 alleys:—
 He that goes forth to his walks, while speeding
 to the suburb,
 Sees sights only peaceful and pure : as labourers
 settling
 Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweet-
 ness of slumber ;
 Humble market-carts, coming in, bringing in, not
 only
 Flower, fruit, farm-store, but sounds and sights of
 the country
 Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers ;
 soon after
 Half-awake servant - maids unfastening drowsy
 shutters
 Up at the windows, or down, letting-in the air by
 the doorway ;
 School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio,
 satchel,
 Hampered as they haste, those running, these
 others maidenly tripping ;
 Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it may
 be
 Meet his sweetheart—waiting behind the garden
 gate there ;
 Merchant on his grass-plat haply bare-headed ;
 and now by this time
 Little child bringing breakfast to ‘ father ’ that sits
 on the timber

There by the scaffolding ; see, she waits for the
can beside him ;

Meantime above purer air untarnished of new-lit
fires :

So that the whole great wicked artificial civilised
fabric—

All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway
out-works—

Seems reaccepted, resumed to Primal Nature and
Beauty :—

—Such—in me, and to me, and on me the love
of Elspie !

Philip returned to his books, but returned to
his Highlands after ;

Got a first, 'tis said ; a winsome bride, 'tis certain.
There while courtship was ending, nor yet the
wedding appointed,

Under her father he studied the handling of hoe
and of hatchet :

Thither that summer succeeding came Adam and
Arthur to see him

Down by the lochs from the distant Glenmorison ;
Adam the Tutor,

Arthur, and Hope ; and the Piper anon who was
there for a visit ;

He had been into the schools ; plucked almost ;
all but a *gone-coon* ;

So he declared ; never once had brushed up his
hairy Aldrich ;

Into the great might-have-been upsoaring sublime
and ideal

Gave to historical questions a free poetical treat-
ment ;

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH 105

Leaving vocabular ghosts undisturbed in their
lexicon-limbo,
Took Aristophanes up at a shot ; and the whole
three last weeks
Went, in his life and the sunshine rejoicing, to
Nuneham and Godstowe :
What were the claims of Degree to those of life
and the sunshine ?
There did the four find Philip, the poet, the
speaker, the Chartist,
Delving at Highland soil, and railing at Highland
landlords,
Railing, but more, as it seemed, for the fun of the
Piper's fury.
There saw they David and Elspie Mackaye, and
the Piper was almost,
Almost deeply in love with Bella the sister of
Elspie ;
But the good Adam was heedful : they did not go
too often.
There in the bright October, the gorgeous bright
October,
When the brackens are changed, and heather
blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees
are bonnie,
Alders are green, and oaks, the rowan scarlet and
yellow,
Heavy the aspen, and heavy with jewels of gold
the birch-tree,
There, when shearing had ended, and barley-
stooks were garnered,

David gave Philip to wife his daughter, his darling
Elspie ;

Elspie the quiet, the brave, was wedded to Philip
the poet.

So won Philip his bride. They are married
and gone—But oh, Thou

Mighty one, Muse of great Epos, and Idyll the
playful and tender,

Be it recounted in song, ere we part, and thou fly
to thy Pindus,

(Pindus is it, O Muse, or Ætna, or even Ben-
nevis ?)

Be it recounted in song, O Muse of the Epos and
Idyll,

Who gave what at the wedding, the gifts and fair
gratulations.

Adam, the grave careful Adam, a medicine
chest and tool-box,

Hope a saddle, and Arthur a plough, and the
Piper a rifle,

Airlie a necklace for Elspie, and Hobbes a Family
Bible,

Airlie a necklace, and Hobbes a Bible and iron
bedstead.

What was the letter, O Muse, sent withal by
the corpulent hero ?

This is the letter of Hobbes the kilted and
corpulent hero.

So the last speech and confession is made, O
my eloquent speaker !

So *the good time is coming*, or come is it ? O
my Chartist !

So the cathedral is finished at last, O my Pugin
of women ;

Finished, and now, is it true ? to be taken out
whole to New Zealand !

Well, go forth to thy field, to thy barley, with
Ruth, O Boaz,

Ruth, who for thee hath deserted her people, her
gods, her mountains.

Go, as in Ephrath of old, in the gate of Bethlehem
said they,

Go, be the wife in thy house both Rachel and
Leah unto thee ;

Be thy wedding of silver, albeit of iron thy bed-
stead !

Yea, to the full golden fifty renewed be ! and fair
memoranda

Happily fill the fly-leaves duly left in the Family
Bible.

Live, and when Hobbes is forgotten, may'st thou,
an unroasted Grandsire,

See thy children's children, and Democracy upon
New Zealand !

This was the letter of Hobbes, and this the
postscript after.

Wit in the letter will prate, but wisdom speaks in
a postscript ;

Listen to wisdom—*Which things*—you perhaps
didn't know, my dear fellow,

I have reflected ; *Which things are an allegory*,
Philip.

For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage ; which, I
have seen it,

Lo, and have known it, is always, and must be,
 bigamy only,
 Even in noblest kind a duality, compound, and
 complex,
 One part heavenly-ideal, the other vulgar and
 earthy :
 For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage, and Laban,
 their father,
 Circumstance, chance, the world, our uncle and
 hard task-master.
 Rachel we found as we fled from the daughters of
 Heth by the desert ;
 Rachel we met at the well ; we came, we saw, we
 kissed her ;
 Rachel we serve-for, long years,—that seem as a
 few days only,
 E'en for the love we have to her,—and win her at
 last of Laban.
 Is it not Rachel we take in our joy from the hand
 of her father ?
 Is it not Rachel we lead in the mystical veil from
 the altar ?
 Rachel we dream-of at night : in the morning,
 behold, it is Leah.
 ' Nay, it is custom,' saith Laban, the Leah indeed
 is the elder.
 Happy and wise who consents to redouble his
 service to Laban,
 So, fulfilling her week, he may add to the elder
 the younger,
 Not repudiates Leah, but wins the Rachel unto her !
 Neither hate thou thy Leah, my Jacob, she also
 is worthy ;

So, many days shall thy Rachel have joy, and
survive her sister ;

Yea, and her children—*Which things are an
allegory*, Philip,

Aye, and by Origen's head with a vengeance truly,
a long one !

This was a note from the Tutor, the grave man,
nick-named Adam.

I shall see you of course, my Philip, before your
departure.

Joy be with you, my boy, with you and your
beautiful Elspie.

Happy is he that found, and finding was not
heedless ;

Happy is he that found, and happy the friend
that was with him.

So won Philip his bride :—

They are married and gone to New Zealand.
Five hundred pounds in pocket, with books, and
two or three pictures,

Tool-box, plough, and the rest, they rounded the
sphere to New Zealand.

There he hewed, and dug ; subdued the earth and
his spirit ;

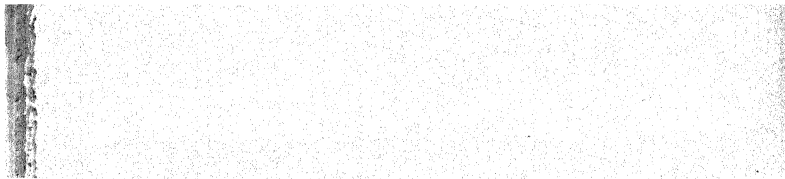
There he built him a home ; there Elspie bare
him his children,

David and Bella ; perhaps ere this too an Elspie
or Adam ;

There hath he farmstead and land, and fields of
corn and flax fields ;

And the Antipodes too have a Bothie of Tober-na-
vuolich.

EARLY POEMS



REVIVAL

So I went wrong,
Grievously wrong, but folly crushed itself,
And vanity o'ertoppling fell, and time
And healthy discipline and some neglect,
Labour and solitary hours revived
Somewhat, at least, of that original frame.
Oh, well do I remember then the days
When on some grassy slope (what time the sun
Was sinking, and the solemn eve came down
With its blue vapour upon field and wood
And elm-embosomed spire) once more again
I fed on sweet emotion, and my heart
With love o'erflowed, or hushed itself in fear
Unearthly, yea celestial. Once again
My heart was hot within me, and, me seemed,
I too had in my body breath to wind
The magic horn of song ; I too possessed
Up-welling in my being's depths a fount
Of the true poet-nectar whence to fill
The golden urns of verse.

IN A LECTURE-ROOM

AWAY, haunt thou not me,
Thou vain Philosophy !
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skiey shower,
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once, and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly ?
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore ?

A SONG OF AUTUMN

My wind is turned to bitter north,
That was so soft a south before ;
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er :
My gay green leaves are yellow-black,
Upon the dank autumnal floor ;
For love, departed once, comes back
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
For winds to blow and rains to pour ;
One frosty night befell, and lo !
I find my summer days are o'er :
The heart bereaved, of why and how
Unknowing, knows that yet before
It had what e'en to Memory now
Returns no more, no more.

τὸ καλόν

I HAVE seen higher, holier things than these,
And therefore must to these refuse my heart,
Yet am I panting for a little ease ;
I'll take, and so depart.

Ah, hold ! the heart is prone to fall away,
Her high and cherished visions to forget,
And if thou takest, how wilt thou repay
So vast, so dread a debt ?

How will the heart, which now thou trustest,
then
Corrupt, yet in corruption mindful yet,
Turn with sharp stings upon itself ! Again,
Bethink thee of the debt !

—Hast thou seen higher, holier things than
these,
And therefore must to these thy heart refuse ?
With the true best, alack, how ill agrees
That best that thou would'st choose !

The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven above ;
Do thou, as best thou may'st, thy duty do :
Amid the things allowed thee live and love ;
Some day thou shalt it view.

Χρυσέα κλής ἐπὶ γλώσσα

IF, when in cheerless wanderings, dull and cold,
A sense of human kindliness hath found us,
 We seem to have around us
 An atmosphere all gold,
'Midst darkest shades a halo rich of shine,
An element, that while the bleak wind bloweth,
 On the rich heart bestoweth
 Imbreathèd draughts of wine ;
Heaven guide, the cup be not, as chance may be,
To some vain mate given up as soon as tasted !
 No, nor on thee be wasted,
 Thou trifler, Poesy !
Heaven grant the manlier heart, that timely, ere
Youth fly, with life's real tempest would be coping ;
 The fruit of dreamy hoping
 Is, waking, blank despair.

THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD AND OF
THE SOUL

I

WHY should I say I see the things I see not ?
 Why be and be not ?
 Show love for that I love not, and fear for what I
 fear not ?
 And dance about to music that I hear not ?
 Who standeth still i' the street
 Shall be hustled and justled about ;
 And he that stops i' the dance shall be spurned
 by the dancers' feet,—
 Shall be shoved and be twisted by all he shall
 meet,
 And shall raise up an outcry and rout ;
 And the partner, too,—
 What's the partner to do ?
 While all the while 'tis but, perchance, an hum-
 ming in mine ear,
 That yet anon shall hear,
 And I anon, the music in my soul,
 In a moment read the whole ;
 The music in my heart,
 Joyously take my part,

And hand in hand, and heart with heart, with
these retreat, advance ;
And borne on wings of wavy sound,
Whirl with these around, around,
Who here are living in the living dance !
Why forfeit that fair chance ?
Till that arrive, till thou awake,
Of these, my soul, thy music make,
And keep amid the throng,
And turn as they shall turn, and bound as they
are bounding,—
Alas ! alas ! alas ! and what if all along
The music is not sounding ?

II

Are there not, then, two musics unto men ?—
One loud and bold and coarse,
And overpowering still perforce
All tone and tune beside ;
Yet in despite its pride
Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,
And sounding solely in the sounding head :
The other, soft and low,
Stealing whence we not know,
Painfully heard, and easily forgot,
With pauses oft and many a silence strange
(And silent oft it seems, when silent it is not),
Revivals too of unexpected change :
Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,
Or that 't has come, and been, and passed away :
Yet turn to other none,—
Turn not, oh, turn not thou !

But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard it may ;
 Listen, listen, listen,—is it not sounding now ?

III

Yea, and as thought of some departed friend
 By death or distance parted will descend,
 Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,
 As by a magic screen, the seër from the sight
 (Palsying the nerves that intervene
 The eye and central sense between) ;
 So may the ear,
 Hearing not hear,
 Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals
 ring ;
 So the bare conscience of the better thing
 Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown,
 May fix the entrancèd soul 'mid multitudes alone.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ; and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
At last, at last, unite them there !

‘WEN GOTT BETRÜGT, IST WOHL
BETROGEN’

Is it true, ye gods, who treat us
As the gambling fool is treated ;
O ye, who ever cheat us,
And let us feel we're cheated !
Is it true that poetical power,
The gift of heaven, the dower
Of Apollo and the Nine,
The inborn sense, ‘the vision and the faculty
divine,’

All we glorify and bless
In our rapturous exaltation,
All invention, and creation,
Exuberance of fancy, and sublime imagination,
All a poet's fame is built on,
The fame of Shakespeare, Milton,
Of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley,
Is in reason's grave precision,
Nothing more, nothing less,
Than a peculiar conformation,
Constitution, and condition
Of the brain and of the belly ?
Is it true, ye gods who cheat us ?
And that's the way ye treat us ?

Oh say it, all who think it,
Look straight, and never blink it !
If it is so, let it be so,
And we will all agree so ;
But the plot has counterplot,
It may be, and yet be not.

THE NEW SINAI

Lo, here is God, and there is God !
Believe it not, O Man ;
In such vain sort to this and that
The ancient heathen ran :
Though old Religion shake her head,
And say in bitter grief,
The day behold, at first foretold,
Of atheist unbelief :
Take better part, with manly heart,
Thine adult spirit can ;
Receive it not, believe it not,
Believe it not, O Man !

As men at dead of night awaked
With cries, 'The king is here,'
Rush forth and greet whome'er they meet,
Whoe'er shall first appear ;
And still repeat, to all the street,
' 'Tis he,—the king is here ;'
The long procession moveth on,
Each nobler form they see,
With changeful suit they still salute
And cry, ' 'Tis he, 'tis he !'

So, even so, when men were young,
 And earth and heaven were new,
 And His immediate presence He
 From human hearts withdrew,
 The soul perplexed and daily vexed
 With sensuous False and True,
 Amazed, bereaved, no less believed,
 And fain would see Him too :
 'He is !' the prophet-tongues proclaimed ;
 In joy and hasty fear,
 'He is !' aloud replied the crowd,
 'Is here, and here, and here.'

'He is ! They are !' in distance seen
 On yon Olympus high,
 In those Avernian woods abide,
 And walk this azure sky :
 'They are ! They are !'—to every show
 Its eyes the baby turned,
 And blazes sacrificial, tall,
 On thousand altars burned :
 'They are ! They are !'—On Sinai's top
 Far seen the lightnings shone,
 The thunder broke, a trumpet spoke,
 And God said, 'I am One.'

God spake it out, 'I, God, am One ;'
 The unheeding ages ran,
 And baby-thoughts again, again,
 Have dogged the growing man :
 And as of old from Sinai's top
 God said that God is One,

By Science strict so speaks He now
To tell us, There is None !
Earth goes by chemic forces ; Heaven's
A Mécanique Céleste !
And heart and mind of human kind
A watch-work as the rest !

Is this a Voice, as was the Voice,
Whose speaking told abroad,
When thunder pealed, and mountain reeled,
The ancient truth of God ?
Ah, not the Voice ; 'tis but the cloud,
The outer darkness dense,
Where image none, nor e'er was seen
Similitude of sense.
'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense
That wrapt the Mount around ;
While in amaze the people stays,
To hear the Coming Sound.

Is there no prophet-soul the while
To dare, sublimely meek,
Within the shroud of blackest cloud
The Deity to seek ?
'Midst atheistic systems dark,
And darker hearts' despair,
That soul has heard perchance His word,
And on the dusky air
His skirts, as passed He by, to see
Hath strained on their behalf,
Who on the plain, with dance amain,
Adore the Golden Calf.

'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense ;
 Though blank the tale it tells,
 No God, no Truth ! yet He, in sooth,
 Is there—within it dwells ;
 Within the sceptic darkness deep
 He dwells that none may see,
 Till idol forms and idol thoughts
 Have passed and ceased to be :
 No God, no Truth ! ah though, in sooth
 So stand the doctrine's half :
 On Egypt's track return not back,
 Nor own the Golden Calf.

Take better part, with manlier heart,
 Thine adult spirit can ;
 No God, no Truth, receive it ne'er—
 Believe it ne'er—O Man !
 But turn not then to seek again
 What first the ill began ;
 No God, it saith ; ah, wait in faith
 God's self-completing plan ;
 Receive it not, but leave it not,
 And wait it out, O Man !

'The Man that went the cloud within
 Is gone and vanished quite ;
 He cometh not,' the people cries,
 'Nor bringeth God to sight :
 Lo these thy gods, that safety give,
 Adore and keep the feast !'
 Deluding and deluded cries
 The Prophet's brother-Priest :

And Israel all bows down to fall
Before the gilded beast.

Devout, indeed ! that priestly creed,
O Man, reject as sin ;
The clouded hill attend thou still,
And him that went within.
He yet shall bring some worthy thing
For waiting souls to see :
Some sacred word that he hath heard
Their light and life shall be ;
Some lofty part, than which the heart
Adopt no nobler can,
Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe
And thou shalt do, O Man !

1845

THE QUESTIONING SPIRIT

THE human spirits saw I on a day,
 Sitting and looking each a different way ;
 And hardly tasking, subtly questioning,
 Another spirit went around the ring
 To each and each : and as he ceased his say,
 Each after each, I heard them singly sing,
 Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,
 We know not—what avails to know ?
 We know not—wherefore need we know ?
 This answer gave they still unto his suing,
 We know not, let us do as we are doing.
 Dost thou not know that these things only seem ?—
 I know not, let me dream my dream.
 Are dust and ashes fit to make a treasure ?—
 I know not, let me take my pleasure.
 What shall avail the knowledge thou hast sought ?—
 I know not, let me think my thought.
 What is the end of strife ?—
 I know not, let me live my life.
 How many days or e'er thou mean'st to move ?—
 I know not, let me love my love.
 Were not things old once new ?—
 I know not, let me do as others do.
 And when the rest were over past,
 I know not, I will do my duty, said the last.

Thy duty do ? rejoined the voice,
Ah, do it, do it, and rejoice ;
But shalt thou then, when all is done,
Enjoy a love, embrace a beauty
Like these, that may be seen and won
In life, whose course will then be run ;
Or wilt thou be where there is none ?
I know not, I will do my duty.

And taking up the word around, above, below,
Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,
We know not, sang they all, nor ever need we
know ;

We know not, sang they, what avails to know ?
Whereat the questioning spirit, some short space,
Though unabashed, stood quiet in his place.
But as the echoing chorus died away
And to their dreams the rest returned apace,
By the one spirit I saw him kneeling low,
And in a silvery whisper heard him say :
Truly, thou know'st not, and thou need'st not
know ;

Hope only, hope thou, and believe always ;
I also know not, and I need not know,
Only with questionings pass I to and fro,
Perplexing these that sleep, and in their folly
Imbreeding doubt and sceptic melancholy ;
Till that, their dreams deserting, they with me
Come all to this true ignorance and thee.

BETHESDA

A SEQUEL

I SAW again the spirits on a day,
Where on the earth in mournful case they lay ;
Five porches were there, and a pool, and round,
Huddling in blankets, strewn upon the ground,
Tied-up and bandaged, weary, sore and spent,
The maimed and halt, diseased and impotent.
For a great angel came, 'twas said, and stirred
The pool at certain seasons, and the word
Was, with this people of the sick, that they
Who in the waters here their limbs should lay
Before the motion on the surface ceased
Should of their torment straightway be released.
So with shrunk bodies and with heads down-dropt,
Stretched on the steps, and at the pillars propt,
Watching by day and listening through the night,
They filled the place, a miserable sight.

And I beheld that on the stony floor
He too, that spoke of duty once before,
No otherwise than others here to-day,
Foredone and sick and sadly muttering lay.
'I know not, I will do—what is it I would say?

What was that word which once sufficed alone for
all,
Which now I seek in vain, and never can recall ?'
And then, as weary of in vain renewing
His question, thus his mournful thought pursuing,
'I know not, I must do as other men are doing.'

But what the waters of that pool might be,
Of Lethe were they, or Philosophy ;
And whether he, long waiting, did attain
Deliverance from the burden of his pain
There with the rest ; or whether, yet before,
Some more diviner stranger passed the door
With his small company into that sad place,
And breathing hope into the sick man's face,
Bade him take up his bed, and rise and go,
What the end were, and whether it were so,
Further than this I saw not, neither know.

QUI LABORAT, ORAT

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,
 Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
 But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
 Alone aright reveal !

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
 Thy presence owns ineffable, divine ;
 Chastised each rebel self-encentered thought,
 My will adoreth Thine.

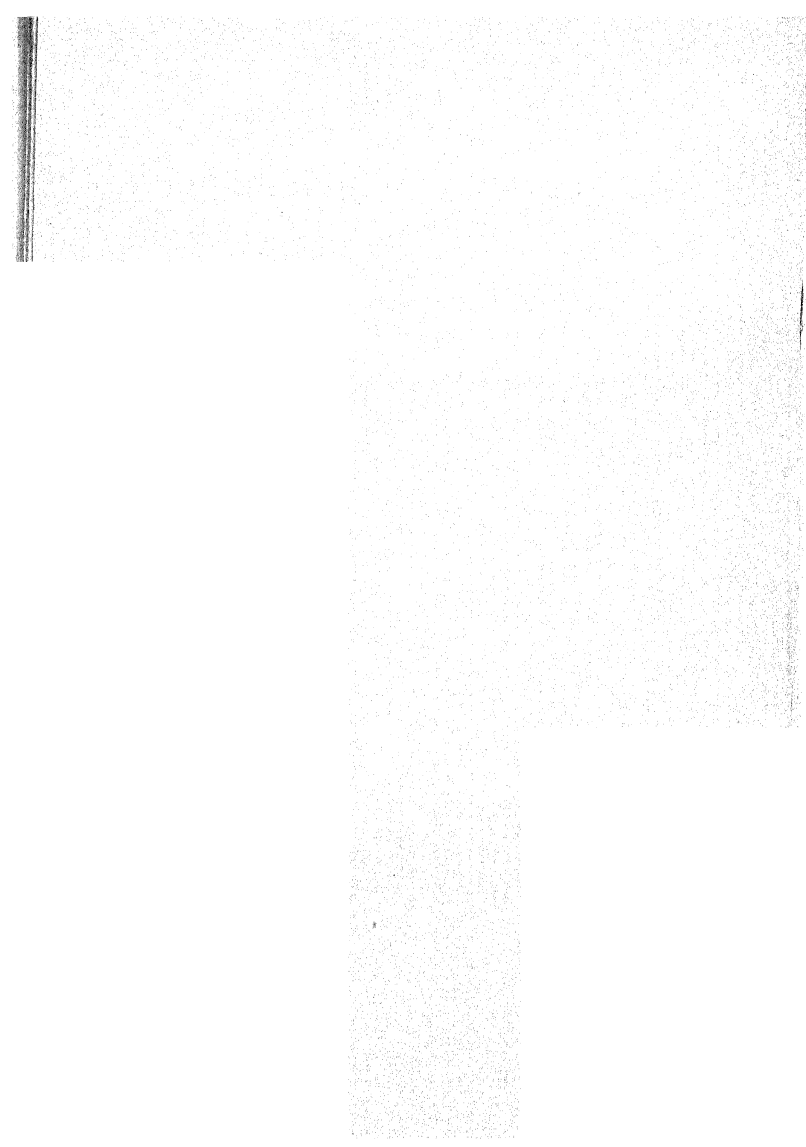
With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
 Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart ;
 Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
 Can see Thee as Thou art ?—

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold
 In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
 It dare not dare the dread communion hold
 In ways unworthy Thee,

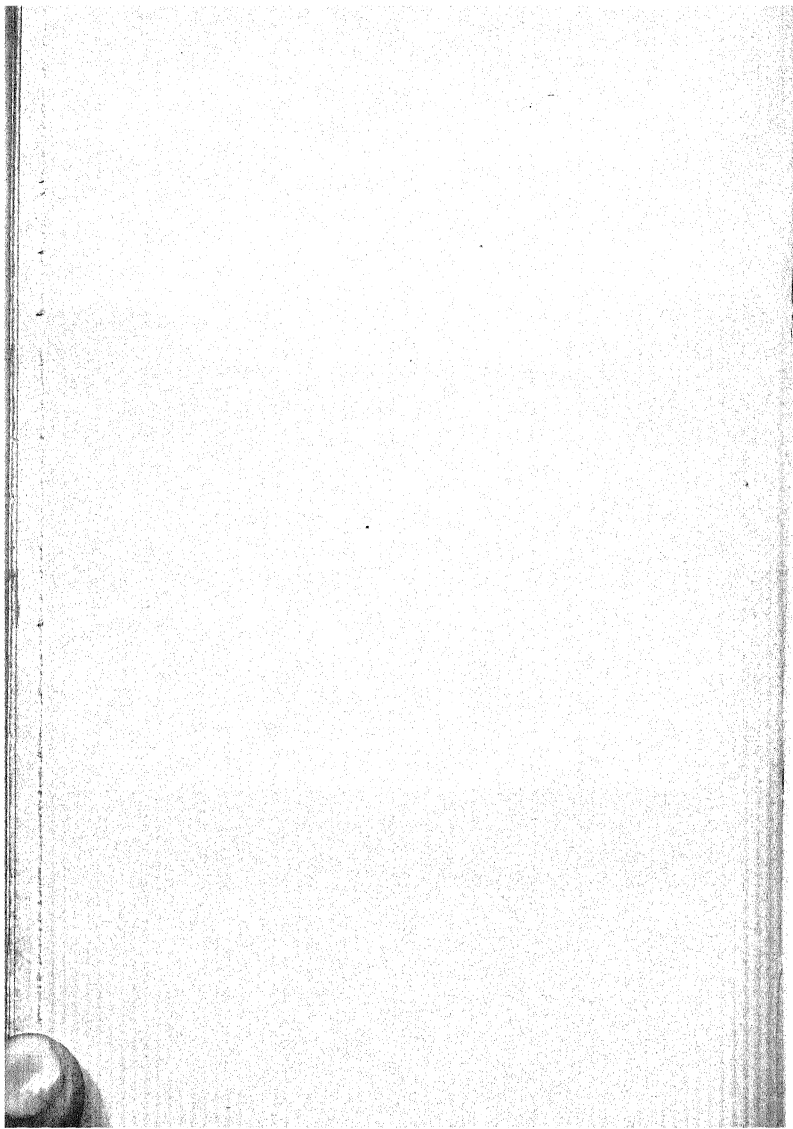
O not unowned, thou shalt unnamed forgive,
 In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;
 And if in work its life it seem to live,
 Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
In recognition start.

But, as thou willest, give or e'en forbear
The beatific supersensual sight,
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
Approach Thee morn and night.



FROM 'DIPSYCHUS'



FROM 'DIPSYCHUS'¹*The Piazza at Night*

Dipsychus speaks. There have been times, not
many, but enough
To quiet all repinings of the heart ;
There have been times, in which my tranquil soul,
No longer nebulous, sparse, errant, seemed
Upon its axis solidly to move,
Centred and fast : no mere elastic blank
For random rays to traverse unretained,
But rounding luminous its fair ellipse
Around its central sun. Ay, yet again,
As in more faint sensations I detect,
With it too, round an Inner, Mightier orb,
Maybe with that too—this I dare not say—
Around, yet more, more central, more supreme,
Whate'er how numerous soe'er they be,
I am and feel myself, where'er I wind,
What vagrant chance soe'er I seem to obey
Communicably theirs.

¹ The blank verse extract is given out of its place, in order to indicate the plan of the poem : the alternate utterances of Dipsychus, the double-souled hesitating thinker, and the practical cynic, called the Spirit, who deliver themselves according to their kind, in the verses that follow.

O happy hours !
 O compensation ample for long days
 Of what impatient tongues called wretchedness !
 O beautiful, beneath the magic moon,
 To walk the watery way of palaces !
 O beautiful, o'ervaulted with gemmed blue,
 This spacious court, with colour and with gold,
 With cupolas, and pinnacles, and points,
 And crosses multiplex, and tips and balls
 (Wherewith the bright stars unproving mix,
 Nor scorn by hasty eyes to be confused) ;
 Fantastically perfect this low pile
 Of Oriental glory ; these long ranges
 Of classic chiselling, this gay flickering crowd,
 And the calm Campanile. Beautiful !
 O beautiful ! and that seemed more profound,
 This morning by the pillar when I sat
 Under the great arcade, at the review,
 And took, and held, and ordered on my brain
 The faces, and the voices, and the whole mass
 O' the motley facts of existence flowing by !
 O perfect, if 'twere all ! But it is not ;
 Hints haunt me ever of a more beyond :
 I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,
 Of a completion over soon assumed,
 Of adding up too soon. What we call sin,
 I could believe a painful opening out
 Of paths for ampler virtue. The bare field,
 Scant with lean ears of harvest, long had mocked
 The vext laborious farmer ; came at length
 The deep plough in the lazy undersoil
 Down-driving ; with a cry earth's fibres crack,
 And a few months, and lo ! the golden leas,

And autumn's crowded shocks and loaded wains.
Let us look back on life ; was any change,
Any now blest expansion, but at first
A pang, remorse-like, shot to the inmost seats
Of moral being ? To do anything,
Distinct on any one thing to decide,
To leave the habitual and the old, and quit
The easy-chair of use and wont, seems crime
To the weak soul, forgetful how at first
Sitting down seemed so too. And, oh ! this
 woman's heart,
Fain to be forced, incredulous of choice,
And waiting a necessity for God.

Yet I could think, indeed, the perfect call
Should force the perfect answer. If the voice
Ought to receive its echo from the soul,
Wherefore this silence ? If it *should* rouse my
 being,
Why this reluctance ? Have I not thought o'er
 much

Of other men, and of the ways of the world ?
But what they are, or have been, matters not.
To thine own self be true, the wise man says.
Are then my fears myself ? O double self !
And I untrue to both ? Oh, there are hours,
When love, and faith, and dear domestic ties,
And converse with old friends, and pleasant walks,
Familiar faces, and familiar books,
Study, and art, upliftings unto prayer,
And admiration of the noblest things,
Seem all ignoble only ; all is mean,
And nought as I would have it. Then at others,
My mind is in her rest ; my heart at home

In all around ; my soul secure in place,
 And the vext needle perfect to her poles.
 Aimless and hopeless in my life I seem
 To thread the winding byways of the town,
 Bewildered, baffled, hurried hence and thence,
 All at cross-purpose even with myself,
 Unknowing whence or whither. Thence at once,
 At a step, I crown the Campanile's top,
 And view all mapped below ; islands, lagoon,
 A hundred steeples and a million roofs,
 The fruitful champaign, and the cloud-capt Alps,
 And the broad Adriatic. Be it enough ;
 If I lose this, how terrible ! No, no,
 I am contented, and will not complain.
 To the old paths, my soul ! Oh, be it so !
 I bear the workday burden of dull life
 About these footsore flags of a weary world,
 Heaven knows how long it has not been ; at once,
 Lo ! I am in the spirit on the Lord's day
 With John in Patmos. Is it not enough,
 One day in seven ? and if this should go,
 If this pure solace should desert my mind,
 What were all else ? I dare not risk this loss.
 To the old paths, my soul !

Spirit.

O yes.

To moon about religion ; to inhume
 Your ripened age in solitary walks,
 For self-discussion ; to debate in letters
 Vext points with earnest friends ; past other men
 To cherish natural instincts, yet to fear them
 And less than any use them ; oh, no doubt,
 In a corner sit and mope, and be consoled

With thinking one is clever, while the room
Rings through with animation and the dance.
Then talk of old examples ; to pervert
Ancient real facts to modern unreal dreams
And build up baseless fabrics of romance
And heroism upon historic sand ;
To burn, forsooth, for action, yet despise
Its merest accident and alphabet ;
Cry out for service, and at once rebel
At the application of its plainest rules :
This you call life, my friend, reality ;
Doing your duty unto God and man—
I know not what. Stay at Venice, if you will ;
Sit musing in its churches hour on hour
Cross-knead upon a bench ; climb up at whiles
The neighbouring tower, and kill the lingering day
With old comparisons ; when night succeeds,
Evading, yet a little seeking, what
You would and would not, turn your doubtful eyes
On moon and stars to help morality ;
Once in a fortnight say, by lucky chance
Of happier-tempered coffee, gain (great Heaven !)
A pious rapture : is it not enough ?

Di. 'Tis well : thou cursed spirit, go thy way !
I am in higher hands than yours.

Sp. 'There is no God,' the wicked saith,
 'And truly it's a blessing,
 For what He might have done with us
 It's better only guessing.'

'There is no God,' a youngster thinks,
 'Or really, if there may be,
 He surely didn't mean a man
 Always to be a baby.'

'There is no God, or if there is,'
 The tradesman thinks, 'twere funny
 If He should take it ill in me
 To make a little money.'

'Whether there be,' the rich man says,
 'It matters very little,
 For I and mine, thank somebody,
 Are not in want of victual.'

Some others, also, to themselves,
 Who scarce so much as doubt it,
 Think there is none, when they are well,
 And do not think about it.

But country folks who live beneath
 The shadow of the steeple;
 The parson and the parson's wife,
 And mostly married people;

Youths green and happy in first love,
So thankful for illusion ;
And men caught out in what the world
Calls guilt, in first confusion ;

And almost every one when age,
Disease, or sorrows strike him,
Inclines to think there is a God,
Or something very like Him.

In a Gondola

Di. Afloat ; we move. Delicious ! Ah,
What else is like the gondola ?
This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath us swift to pass.
It goes as though it went alone
By some impulsion of its own.
(How light it moves, how softly ! Ah,
Were all things like the gondola !)

How light it moves, how softly ! Ah,
Could life, as does our gondola,
Unvexed with quarrels, aims, and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,
Unswaying, noiseless, swift and strong,
For ever thus—thus glide along !
(How light we move, how softly ! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola !)

With no more motion than should bear
 A freshness to the languid air ;
 With no more effort than exprest
 The need and naturalness of rest,
 Which we beneath a grateful shade
 Should take on peaceful pillows laid !
 (How light we move, how softly ! Ah,
 Were life but as the gondola !)

In one unbroken passage borne
 To closing night from opening morn,
 Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
 Some palace front, some passing bark ;
 Through windows catch the varying shore,
 And hear the soft turns of the oar !
 (How light we move, how softly ! Ah,
 Were life but as the gondola !)

How light we go, how soft we skim,
 And all in moonlight seem to swim !
 The south side rises o'er our bark,
 A wall impenetrably dark ;
 The north is seen profusely bright ;
 The water, is it shade or light ?
 Say, gentle moon, which conquers now
 The flood, those massy hulls, or thou ?
 (How light we go, how softly ! Ah,
 Were life but as the gondola !)

How light we go, how soft we skim,
 And all in moonlight seem to swim !
 In moonlight is it now, or shade ?
 In planes of sure division made,

By angles sharp of palace walls
The clear light and the shadow falls ;
O sight of glory, sight of wonder !
Seen, a pictorial portent, under,
O great Rialto, the vast round
Of thy thrice-solid arch profound !
(How light we go, how softly ! Ah,
Life should be as the gondola !)

How light we go, how soft we skim,
And all in moonlight seem to swim !
Against bright clouds projected dark,
The white dome now, reclined I mark,
And, by o'er-brilliant lamps displayed,
The Doge's columns and arcade ;
Over still waters mildly come
The distant waters and the hum.
(How light we go, how softly ! Ah,
Life should be as the gondola !)

How light we go, how soft we skim,
And all in open moonlight swim !
Ah, gondolier, slow, slow, more slow !
We go ; but wherefore thus should go ?
Ah, let not muscle all too strong
Beguile, betray thee to our wrong !
On to the landing, onward. Nay,
Sweet dream, a little longer stay !
On to the landing ; here. And, ah !
Life is not as the gondola.

Sp. This world is very odd we see,
 We do not comprehend it ;
 But in one fact we all agree,
 God won't, and we can't mend it.

Being common sense, it can't be sin
 To take it as I find it ;
 The pleasure to take pleasure in ;
 The pain, try not to mind it.

Di. O let me love my love unto myself alone,
 And know my knowledge to the world unknown ;
 No witness to the vision call,
 Beholding, unbeheld of all ;
 And worship thee, with thee withdrawn, apart,
 Whoe'er, whate'er thou art,
 Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart.

Better it were, thou sayest, to consent,
 Feast while we may, and live ere life be spent ;
 Close up clear eyes, and call the unstable sure,
 The unlovely lovely, and the filthy pure ;
 In self-belyings, self-deceivings roll,
 And lose in Action, Passion, Talk, the soul.

Nay, better far to mark off thus much air,
 And call it heaven ; place bliss and glory there ;
 Fix perfect homes in the unsubstantial sky,
 And say, what is not, will be by and by ;
 What here exists not must exist elsewhere.

But play no tricks upon thy soul, O man ;
Let fact be fact, and life the thing it can.

Di. Where are the great, whom thou would'st
wish to praise thee ?

Where are the pure, whom thou would'st choose to
love thee ?

Where are the brave, to stand supreme above thee,
Whose high commands would cheer, whose chid-
ings raise thee ?

Seek, seeker, in thyself ; submit to find
In the stones, bread, and life in the blank mind.

Spectator ab extra

Sp. As I sat at the café, I said to myself,
They may talk as they please about what they
call pelf,

They may sneer as they like about eating and
drinking,

But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking,
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
How pleasant it is to have money.

I sit at my table *en grand seigneur*,
And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor ;
Not only the pleasure, one's self, of good living,
But also the pleasure of now and then giving.

So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
So pleasant it is to have money.

It was but last winter I came up to town,
 But already I'm getting a little renown ;
 I make new acquaintance where'er I appear ;
 I am not too shy, and have nothing to fear.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
 So pleasant it is to have money.

I drive through the streets, and I care not a d——n ;
 The people they stare, and they ask who I am ;
 And if I should chance to run over a cad,
 I can pay for the damage if ever so bad.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
 So pleasant it is to have money.

We stroll to our box and look down on the pit,
 And if it weren't low should be tempted to spit ;
 We loll and we talk until people look up,
 And when it's half over we go out to sup.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
 So pleasant it is to have money.

The best of the tables and the best of the fare—
 And as for the others, the devil may care ;
 It isn't our fault if they dare not afford
 To sup like a prince and be drunk as a lord.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
 So pleasant it is to have money.

We sit at our tables and tippie champagne ;
 Ere one bottle goes, comes another again ;
 The waiters they skip and they scuttle about,
 And the landlord attends us so civilly out.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
 So pleasant it is to have money.

It was but last winter I came up to town,
But already I'm getting a little renown ;
I get to good houses without much ado,
Am beginning to see the nobility too.

So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
So pleasant it is to have money.

O dear ! what a pity they ever should lose it !
For they are the gentry that know how to use it ;
So grand and so graceful, such manners, such
dinner,

But yet, after all, it is we are the winners.

So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
So pleasant it is to have money.

Thus I sat at my table *en grand seigneur*,
And when I had done threw a crust to the poor ;
Not only the pleasure, one's self, of good eating,
But also the pleasure of now and then treating.

So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they
call pelf,

And how one ought never to think of one's self,
And how pleasures of thought surpass eating and
drinking—

My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
How pleasant it is to have money.

Sp. Submit, submit !
 'Tis common sense, and human wit
 Can claim no higher name than it.
 Submit, submit !
 Devotion, and ideas, and love,
 And beauty claim their place above ;
 But saint and sage and poet's dreams
 Divide the light in coloured streams,
 Which this alone gives all combined,
 The *siccum lumen* of the mind
 Called common sense : and no high wit
 Gives better counsel than does it.
 Submit, submit !

To see things simply as they are
 Here at our elbows, transcends far
 Trying to spy out at mid-day
 Some 'bright particular star,' which may,
 Or not, be visible at night,
 But clearly is not in daylight ;
 No inspiration vague outweighs
 The plain good common sense that says,
 Submit, submit !
 'Tis common sense, and human wit
 Can ask no higher name than it.
 Submit, submit !

Submit, submit !
 For tell me then, in earth's great laws
 Have you found any saving clause,

Exemption special granted you
From doing what the rest must do ?
Of common sense who made you quit,
And told you, you'd no need of it,
Nor to submit ?

This stern necessity of things
On every side our being rings ;
Our sallying eager actions fall
Vainly against that iron wall.
Where once her finger points the way,
The wise thinks only to obey ;
Take life as she has ordered it,
And come what may of it, submit,
Submit, submit !

Who take implicitly her will,
For these her vassal chances still
Bring store of joys, successes, pleasures ;
But whoso ponders, weighs, and measures,
She calls her torturers up to goad
With spur and scourges on the road ;
He does at last with pain whate'er
He spurned at first. Of such, beware,
Beware, beware !

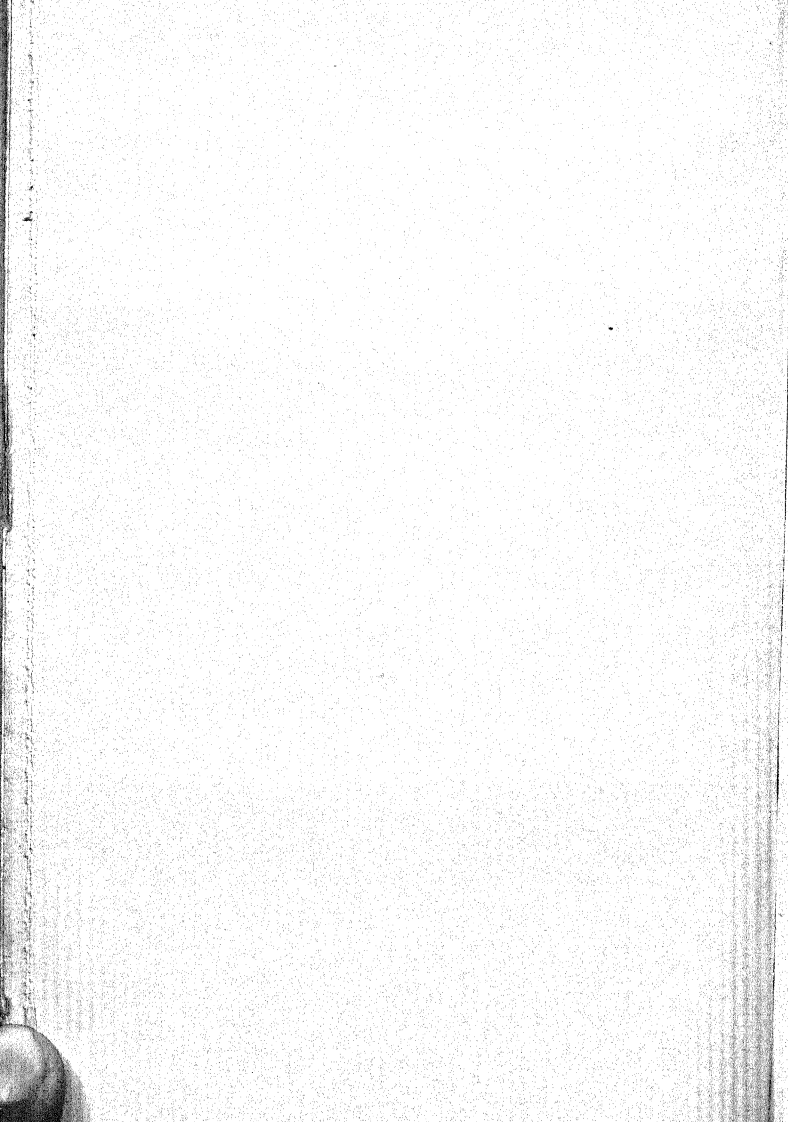
Necessity ! and who shall dare
Bring to *her* feet excuse or prayer ?
Beware, beware !
We must, we must.
Howe'er we turn, and pause and tremble—
Howe'er we shrink, deceive, dissemble—
Whate'er our doubting, grief, disgust,

The hand is on us, and we must,
 We must, we must.
 'Tis common sense ! and human wit
 Can find no better name than
 Submit, submit !

Di. When the enemy is near thee,
 Call on us !
 In our hands we will upbear thee,
 He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,
 He shall fly thee, and shall fear thee.
 Call on us !
 Call when all good friends have left thee,
 Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee ;
 Call when hope and heart are sinking,
 And the brain is sick with thinking,
 Help, O help !
 Call, and following close behind thee
 There shall haste, and there shall find thee,
 Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,
 When necessity seems on thee,
 Hope and choice have all foregone thee,
 Fate and force are closing o'er thee,
 And but one way stands before thee—
 Call on us !
 Oh, and if thou dost not call,
 Be but faithful, that is all.
 Go right on, and close behind thee
 There shall follow still and find thee,
 Help, sure help.

FROM 'AMOURS DE VOYAGE'



FROM 'AMOURS DE VOYAGE'

*Over the great windy waters, and over the clear-
crested summits,
Unto the sun and the sky, and unto the perfecter
earth,
Come, let us go,—to a land wherein gods of the
old time wandered,
Where every breath even now changes to ether
divine.
Come, let us go; though withal a voice whisper,
'The world that we live in,
Whithersoever we turn, still is the same narrow
crib;
'Tis but to prove limitation, and measure a cord,
that we travel;
Let who would 'scape and be free go to his
chamber and think;
'Tis but to change idle fancies for memories wilfully
falsar;
'Tis but to go and have been.'—Come, little bark!
let us go.*

*Claude to Eustace*¹

ROME disappoints me much ; I hardly as yet
 understand, but
Rubbishy seems the word that most exactly would
 suit it.
 All the foolish destructions, and all the sillier
 savings,
 All the incongruous things of past incompatible
 ages,
 Seem to be treasured up here to make fools of
 present and future.
 Would to Heaven the old Goths had made a
 cleaner sweep of it !
 Would to Heaven some new ones would come and
 destroy these churches !
 However, one can live in Rome as also in
 London.
 It is a blessing, no doubt, to be rid, at least for
 a time, of
 All one's friends and relations,—yourself (forgive
 me !) included,—
 All the *assujettissement* of having been what one
 has been,
 What one thinks one is, or thinks that others
 suppose one ;
 Yet, in despite of all, we turn like fools to the
 English.

¹ The poem is in the form of letters from Claude the traveller, in Rome, to his friend Eustace, in England.

No, great Dome of Agrippa, thou art not Christian !
 canst not,
 Strip and replaster and daub and do what they
 will with thee, be so !
 Here underneath the great porch of colossal
 Corinthian columns,
 Here as I walk, do I dream of the Christian
 belfries above them ;
 Or, on a bench as I sit and abide for long hours,
 till thy whole vast
 Round grows dim as in dreams to my eyes, I
 repeople thy niches,
 Not with the Martyrs, and Saints, and Confessors,
 and Virgins, and children,
 But with the mightier forms of an older, austerer
 worship ;
 And I recite to myself, how

Eager for battle here

Stood Vulcan, here matronal Juno,
 And with the bow to his shoulder faithful
 He who with pure dew laveth of Castaly
 His flowing locks, who holdeth of Lycia
 The oak forest and the wood that bore him,
 Delos' and Patara's own Apollo.¹

¹ Hic avidus stetit
 Vulcanus, hic matrona Juno, et
 Nunquam humeris positurus arcum ;
 Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
 Crines solutos, qui Lyciæ tenet
 Dumeta natalemque silvam,
 Delius et Patareus Apollo.

YET it is pleasant, I own it, to be in their company ;
 pleasant,
 Whatever else it may be, to abide in the feminine
 presence.
 Pleasant, but wrong, will you say? But this
 happy, serene coexistence
 Is to some poor soft souls, I fear, a necessity simple,
 Meat and drink and life, and music, filling with
 sweetness,
 Thrilling with melody sweet, with harmonies
 strange overwhelming,
 All the long-silent strings of an awkward, meaning-
 less fabric.
 Yet as for that, I could live, I believe, with
 children ; to have those
 Pure and delicate forms encompassing, moving
 about you,
 This were enough, I could think ; and truly with
 glad resignation
 Could from the dream of Romance, from the fever
 of flushed adolescence,
 Look to escape and subside into peaceful avuncular
 functions.
 Nephews and nieces ! alas, for as yet I have none !
 and, moreover,
 Mothers are jealous, I fear me, too often, too
 rightfully ; fathers
 Think they have title exclusive to spoiling their
 own little darlings ;
 And by the law of the land, in despite of Malthusian
 doctrine,

No sort of proper provision is made for that most
patriotic,
Most meritorious subject, the childless and bachelor
uncle.

YE, too, marvellous Twain, that erect on the Monte
Cavallo
Stand by your rearing steeds in the grace of your
motionless movement,
Stand with your upstretched arms and tranquil
regardant faces,
Stand as instinct with life in the might of immut-
able manhood,—
O ye mighty and strange, ye ancient divine ones
of Hellas.
Are ye Christian too? to convert and redeem and
renew you,
Will the brief form have sufficed, that a Pope has
set up on the apex
Of the Egyptian stone that o'ertops you, the
Christian symbol?
And ye, silent, supreme in serene and victorious
marble,
Ye that encircle the walls of the stately Vatican
chambers,
Juno and Ceres, Minerva, Apollo, the Muses and
Bacchus,
Ye unto whom far and near come posting the
Christian pilgrims,
Ye that are ranged in the halls of the mystic
Christian Pontiff,

Are ye also baptized? are ye of the kingdom of
Heaven?

Utter, O some one, the word that shall reconcile
Ancient and Modern!

Am I to turn me from this unto thee, great Chapel
of Sixtus?

I AM in love, meantime, you think; no doubt you
would think so.

I am in love, you say; with those letters, of
course, you would say so.

I am in love, you declare. I think not so; yet I
grant you

It is a pleasure indeed to converse with this girl.
Oh, rare gift,

Rare felicity, this! she can talk in a rational way,
can

Speak upon subjects that really are matters of
mind and of thinking,

Yet in perfection retain her simplicity; never, one
moment,

Never, however you urge it, however you tempt
her, consents to

Step from ideas and fancies and loving sensations
to those vain

Conscious understandings that vex the minds of
mankind.

No, though she talk, it is music; her fingers desert
not the keys; 'tis

Song, though you hear in the song the articulate
vocables sounded,

Syllabled singly and sweetly the words of melodious meaning.

I am in love, you say: I do not think so, exactly.

THERE are two different kinds, I believe, of human attraction ;

One which simply disturbs, unsettles, and makes you uneasy,

And another that poises, retains, and fixes and holds you.

I have no doubt, for myself, in giving my voice for the latter.

I do not wish to be moved, but growing where I was growing,

There more truly to grow, to live where as yet I had languished.

I do not like being moved : for the will is excited ; and action

Is a most dangerous thing ; I tremble for something factitious,

Some malpractice of heart and illegitimate process ;

We are so prone to these things, with our terrible notions of duty.

AH, let me look, let me watch, let me wait, un-
 hurried, unprompted !
 Bid me not venture on aught that could alter or
 end what is present !
 Say not, Time flies, and Occasion, that never
 returns, is departing !
 Drive me not out, ye ill angels with fiery swords,
 from my Eden,
 Waiting, and watching, and looking ! Let love
 be its own inspiration !
 Shall not a voice, if a voice there must be, from
 the airs that environ,
 Yea, from the conscious heavens, without our
 knowledge or effort,
 Break into audible words ? And love be its own
 inspiration ?

JUXTAPOSITION, in fine ; and what is juxtaposi-
 tion ?

Look you, we travel along in the railway-carriage
 or steamer,
 And, *pour passer le temps*, till the tedious journey
 be ended,
 Lay aside paper or book, to talk with the girl that
 is next one ;
 And, *pour passer le temps*, with the terminus all
 but in prospect,
 Talk of eternal ties and marriages made in heaven.
 Ah, did we really accept with a perfect heart
 the illusion !

Ah, did we really believe that the Present indeed
is the Only !

Or through all transmutation, all shock and
convulsion of passion,

Feel we could carry undimmed, unextinguished,
the light of our knowledge !

But for his funeral train which the bridegroom
sees in the distance,

Would he so joyfully, think you, fall in with the
marriage procession ?

But for that final discharge, would he dare to
enlist in that service ?

But for that certain release, ever sign to that
perilous contract ?

But for that exit secure, ever bend to that
treacherous doorway ?—

Ah, but the bride, meantime,—do you think she
sees it as he does ?

But for the steady fore-sense of a freer and
larger existence,

Think you that man could consent to be circum-
scribed here into action ?

But for assurance within of a limitless ocean
divine, o'er

Whose great tranquil depths unconscious the
wind-tost surface

Breaks into ripples of trouble that come and
change and endure not,—

But that in this, of a truth, we have our being,
and know it,

Think you we men could submit to live and move
as we do here ?

Ah, but the women,—God bless them ! they don't
think at all about it.

Yet we must eat and drink, as you say. And
as limited beings

Scarcely can hope to attain upon earth to an
Actual Abstract,

Leaving to God contemplation, to His hands
knowledge confiding,

Sure that in us if it perish, in Him it abideth and
dies not,

Let us in His sight accomplish our petty particular
doings,—

Yes, and contented sit down to the victual that
He has provided.

Allah is great, no doubt, and Juxtaposition his
prophet.

Ah, but the women, alas ! they don't look at it in
that way.

Juxtaposition is great ;—but, my friend, I fear me,
the maiden

Hardly would thank or acknowledge the lover
that sought to obtain her,

Not as the thing he would wish, but the thing he
must even put up with,—

Hardly would tender her hand to the wooer that
candidly told her

That she is but for a space, an *ad-interim* solace
and pleasure,—

That in the end she shall yield to a perfect and
absolute something,

Which I then for myself shall behold, and not
another,—

Which amid fondest endearments, meantime I
 forget not, forsake not.
 Ah, ye feminine souls, so loving, and so exacting,
 Since we cannot escape, must we even submit to
 deceive you?
 Since, so cruel is truth, sincerity shocks and
 revolts you,
 Will you have us your slaves to lie to you, flatter
 and—leave you?

TIBUR is beautiful, too, and the orchard slopes,
 and the Anio
 Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical cadence;
 Tibur and Anio's tide; and cool from Lucretilis
 ever,
 With the Digentian stream, and with the Bandu-
 sian fountain,
 Folded in Sabine recesses, the valley and villa of
 Horace:—
 So not seeing I sang; so seeing and listening say
 I,
 Here as I sit by the stream, as I gaze at the cell
 of the Sibyl,
 Here with Albunea's home and the grove of
 Tiburnus beside me;¹
 Tivoli beautiful is, and musical, O Teverone,
 Dashing from mountain to plain, thy parted
 impetuous waters,

¹ — domus Albunæ resonantis,
 Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
 Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Tivoli's waters and rocks ; and fair unto Monte
 Gennaro
 (Haunt, even yet, I must think, as I wander and
 gaze, of the shadows,
 Faded and pale, yet immortal, of Faunus, the
 Nymphs, and the Graces),
 Fair in itself, and yet fairer with human completing
 creations,
 Folded in Sabine recesses the valley and villa of
 Horace :—
 So not seeing I sang ; so now—Nor seeing, nor
 hearing,
 Neither by waterfall lulled, nor folded in sylvan
 embraces,
 Neither by cell of the Sibyl, nor stepping the
 Monte Gennaro,
 Seated on Anio's bank, nor sipping Bandusian
 waters,
 But on Montorio's height, looking down on the
 tile-clad streets, the
 Cupolas, crosses, and domes, the bushes and
 kitchen-gardens,
 Which, by the grace of the Tibur, proclaim them-
 selves Rome of the Romans,—
 But on Montorio's height, looking forth to the
 vapoury mountains,
 Cheating the prisoner Hope with illusions of vision
 and fancy,—
 But on Montorio's height, with these weary
 soldiers by me,
 Waiting till Oudinot enter, to reinstate Pope and
 Tourist.

WHITHER depart the souls of the brave that die
in the battle,
Die in the lost, lost fight, for the cause that
perishes with them?
Are they upborne from the field on the slumberous
pinions of angels
Unto a far-off home, where the weary rest from
their labour,
And the deep wounds are healed, and the bitter
and burning moisture
Wiped from the generous eyes? or do they linger,
unhappy,
Pining, and haunting the grave of their bygone
hope and endeavour?

SHALL we come out of it all, some day, as one
does from a tunnel?
Will it be all at once, without our doing or asking,
We shall behold clear day, the trees and meadows
about us,
And the faces of friends, and the eyes we loved
looking at us?
Who knows? Who can say? It will not do to
suppose it.

*Therefore farewell, ye hills, and ye, ye envine-
yarded ruins !*

*Therefore farewell, ye walls, palaces, pillars,
and domes !*

*Therefore farewell, far seen, ye peaks of the mythic
Albano,*

*Seen from Montorio's height, Tibur and Æsula's
hills !*

*Ah, could we once, ere we go, could we stand,
while, to ocean descending,*

*Sinks o'er the yellow dark plain slowly the
yellow broad sun,*

*Stand, from the forest emerging at sunset, at once
in the champaign,*

*Open, but studded with trees, chestnuts um-
brageous and old,*

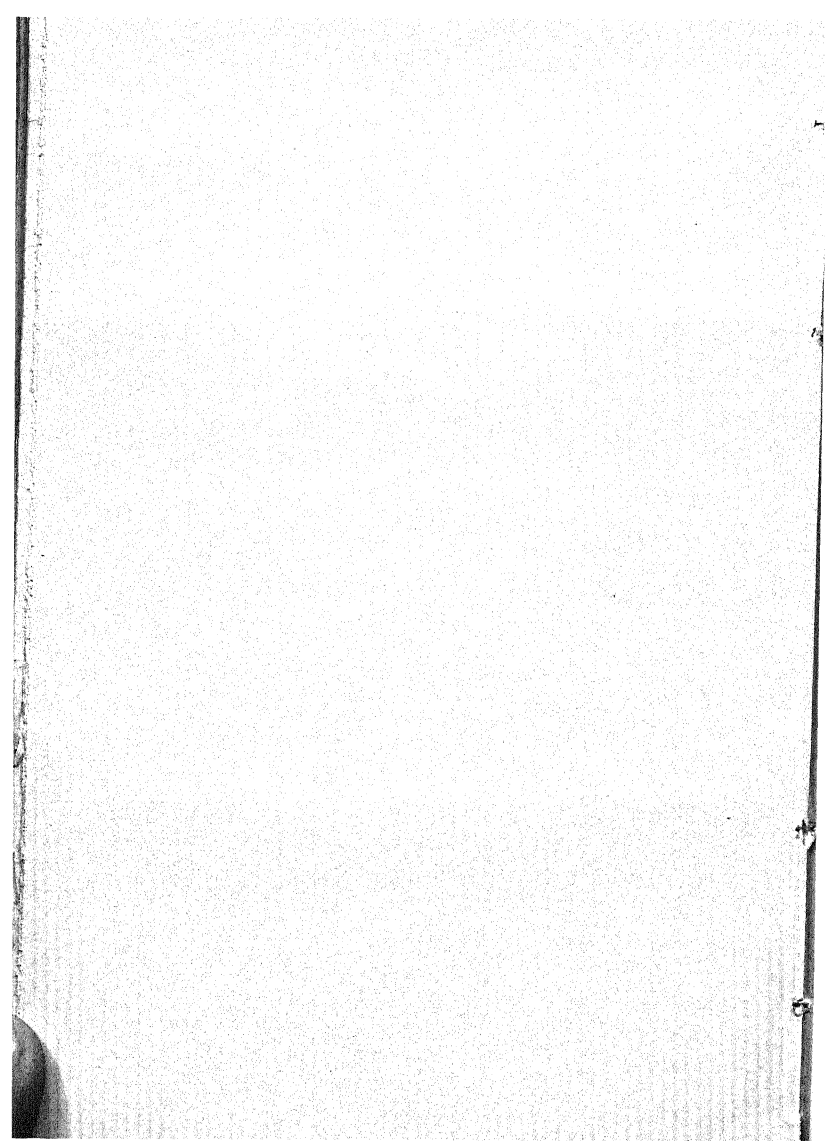
*E'en in those fair open fields that incurve to thy
beautiful hollow,*

*Nemi, imbedded in wood, Nemi, inurned in the
hill !—*

*Therefore farewell, ye plains, and ye hills, and
the City Eternal !*

*Therefore farewell ! We depart, but to behold
you again !*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



‘WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS,
NEITHER SHADOW OF TURNING’

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so :
That, howsoe’er I stray and range,
Whate’er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

THE LATEST DECALOGUE

THOU shalt have one God only ; who
Would be at the expense of two ?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency :
Swear not at all ; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse :
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend :
Honour thy parents ; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall :
Thou shalt not kill ; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive :
Do not adultery commit ;
Advantage rarely comes of it :
Thou shalt not steal ; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat :
Bear not false witness ; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly :
Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE

HOPE evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as
thy thought

So are the things that thou see'st ; e'en as thy
hope and belief.

Cowardly art thou and timid ? they rise to provoke
thee against them ;

Hast thou courage ? enough, see them exulting
to yield.

Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the cold sea's
furying waters

(Violent, say'st thou and hard, mighty thou
think'st to destroy),

All with ineffable longing are waiting their Invader,
All, with one varying voice, call to him, Come
and subdue ;

Still for their Conqueror call, and, but for the joy
of being conquered

(Rapture they would not forego), dare to resist
and rebel ;

Still, when resisting and raging, in soft under-voice
say unto him,

Fear not, retire not, O man : hope evermore
and believe.

176 POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee,

Go, with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.

Not for the gain of the gold ; for the getting, the hoarding, the having,

But for the joy of the deed ; but for the duty to do.

Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,

With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth.

Go ; say not in thy heart, And what then were it accomplished,

Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use or the good !

Go, when the instinct is stilled, and when the deed is accomplished,

What thou hast done and shalt do, shall be declared to thee then.

Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore in thy spirit

Say to thyself : It is good : yet is there better than it.

This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little ;

Nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it.

'THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY'

WHAT we, when face to face we see
The Father of our souls, shall be,
John tells us, doth not yet appear ;
Ah ! did he tell what we are here !

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
A heart for loves to travel through,
Five senses to detect things near,
Is this the whole that we are here ?

Rules baffle instincts—instincts rules,
Wise men are bad—and good are fools,
Facts evil—wishes vain appear,
We cannot go, why are we here ?

O may we for assurance' sake,
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And wilfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that 'tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,
To pace the sad confusion through,
And say :—It doth not yet appear,
What we shall be, what we are here ?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head ;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

AH ! YET CONSIDER IT AGAIN !

'OLD things need not be therefore true,
O brother men, nor yet the new ;
Ah ! still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again !

The souls of now two thousand years
Have laid up here their toils and fears,
And all the earnings of their pain,—
Ah, yet consider it again !

We ! what do we see ? each a space
Of some few yards before his face ;
Does that the whole wide plan explain ?
Ah, yet consider it again !

Alas ! the great world goes its way,
And takes its truth from each new day ;
They do not quit, nor can retain,
Far less consider it again.

ITE DOMUM SATURÆ, VENIT
HESPERUS

THE skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
The rainy clouds are filing fast below,
And wet will be the path, and wet shall we.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Ah dear, and where is he, a year ago,
Who stepped beside and cheered us on and on ?
My sweetheart wanders far away from me,
In foreign land or on a foreign sea.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The lightning zigzags shoot across the sky
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
And through the vale the rains go sweeping by ;
Ah me, and when in shelter shall we be ?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Cold, dreary cold, the stormy winds feel they
O'er foreign lands and foreign seas that stray
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie).
And doth he e'er, I wonder, bring to mind
The pleasant huts and herds he left behind ?

And doth he sometimes in his slumbering see
The feeding kine, and doth he think of me,
My sweetheart wandering wheresoe'er it be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The thunder bellows far from snow to snow
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
And loud and louder roars the flood below.
Heigho! but soon in shelter shall we be:
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or shall he find before his term be sped,
Some comelier maid that he shall wish to wed?
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)
For weary is work, and weary day by day
To have your comfort miles on miles away.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or may it be that I shall find my mate,
And he returning see himself too late?
For work we must, and what we see, we see,
And God he knows, and what must be, must be,
When sweethearts wander far away from me.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The sky behind is brightening up anew
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
The rain is ending, and our journey too:
Heigho! aha! for here at home are we:—
In, Rose, and in, Provence and La Palie.

A LONDON IDYLL

ON grass, on gravel, in the sun,
 Or now beneath the shade,
 They went, in pleasant Kensington,
 A prentice and a maid.
 That Sunday morning's April glow,
 How should it not impart
 A stir about the veins that flow
 To feed the youthful heart.

Ah ! years may come, and years may bring
 The truth that is not bliss,
 But will they bring another thing
 That can compare with this ?

I read it in that arm she lays
 So soft on his ; her mien,
 Her step, her very gown betrays
 (What in her eyes were seen)
 That not in vain the young buds round,
 The cawing birds above,
 The air, the incense of the ground,
 Are whispering, breathing love.

Ah ! years may come, etc.

To inclination, young and blind,
So perfect, as they lent,
By purest innocence confined
Unconscious free consent.
Persuasive power of vernal change,
On this, thine earliest day,
Canst thou have found in all thy range
One fitter type than they ?

Ah ! years may come, etc.

Th' high-titled cares of adult strife,
Which we our duties call,
Trades, arts, and politics of life,
Say, have they after all,
One other object, end or use
Than that, for girl and boy,
The punctual earth may still produce
This golden flower of joy ?

Ah ! years may come, etc.

O odours of new-budding rose,
O lily's chaste perfume,
O fragrance that didst first unclothe
The young Creation's bloom !
Ye hang around me, while in sun
Anon and now in shade,
I watched in pleasant Kensington
The prentice and the maid.

Ah ! years may come, and years may bring
The truth that is not bliss,
But will they bring another thing
That will compare with this ?

THE STREAM OF LIFE

O STREAM descending to the sea,
 Thy mossy banks between,
 The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
 The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
 The fields the labourers till,
 And houses stand on either hand,
 And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
 Our waking eyes behold,
 Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
 Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our mind possess,
 Our hearts affections fill,
 We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
 And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
 Inevitable sea,
 To which we flow, what do we know,
 What shall we guess of thee ?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
 As we our course fulfil ;
 Scarce we divine a sun will shine
 And be above us still.

IN A LONDON SQUARE

PUT forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
East wind and frost are safely gone ;
With zephyr mild and balmy rain
The summer comes serenely on ;
Earth, air, and sun and skies combine
To promise all that's kind and fair :—
But thou, O human heart of mine,
Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

December days were brief and chill,
The winds of March were wild and drear,
And, nearing and receding still,
Spring never would, we thought, be here.
The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
Had, not the less, their certain date :—
And thou, O human heart of mine,
Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.

THE SHADOW¹

I DREAMED a dream : I dreamt that I espied,
 Upon a stone that was not rolled aside,
 A Shadow sit upon a grave—a Shade,
 As thin, as unsubstantial, as of old
 Came, the Greek poet told,
 To lick the life-blood in the trench Ulysses made—
 As pale, as thin, and said :
 ‘I am the Resurrection of the Dead.
 The night is past, the morning is at hand,
 And I must in my proper semblance stand,
 Appear brief space and vanish,—listen, this is true,
 I am that Jesus whom they slew.’

And shadows dim, I dreamed, the dead apostles
 came,
 And bent their heads for sorrow and for shame—
 Sorrow for their great loss, and shame
 For what they did in that vain name.

And in long ranges far behind there seemed
 Pale vapoury angel forms ; or was it cloud ? that
 kept
 Strange watch ; the women also stood beside and
 wept.

¹ The manuscript of this poem is incomplete.

And Peter spoke the word :
'O my own Lord,
What is it we must do ?
Is it then all untrue ?
Did we not see, and hear, and handle Thee,
Yea, for whole hours
Upon the Mount in Galilee,
On the lake shore, and here at Bethany,
When Thou ascendedst to Thy God and ours ?'
And paler still became the distant cloud,
And at the word the women wept aloud.

And the Shade answered, 'What ye say I know
not ;
But it is true
I am that Jesus whom they slew,
Whom ye have preached, but in what way I know
not.'

And the great World, it chanced, came by that
way,
And stopped, and looked, and spoke to the police,
And said the thing, for order's sake and peace,
Most certainly must be suppressed, the nuisance
cease.
His wife and daughter must have where to pray,
And whom to pray to, at the least one day
In seven, and something sensible to say.

Whether the fact so many years ago
Had, or not, happened, how was he to know ?
Yet he had always heard that it was so.
As for himself, perhaps it was all one ;

And yet he found it not unpleasant, too,
On Sunday morning in the roomy pew,
To see the thing with such decorum done.
As for himself, perhaps it was all one ;
Yet on one's death-bed all men always said
It was a comfortable thing to think upon
The atonement and the resurrection of the dead.
So the great World as having said his say,
Unto his country-house pursued his way.
And on the grave the Shadow sat all day.

EASTER DAY

NAPLES, 1849

THROUGH the great sinful streets of Naples as I
past,

With fiercer heat than flamed above my head
My heart was hot within me ; till at last
My brain was lightened when my tongue had
said—

Christ is not risen !

Christ is not risen, no—

He lies and moulders low ;
Christ is not risen !

What though the stone were rolled away, and
though

The grave found empty there ?—

If not there, then elsewhere ;

If not where Joseph laid Him first, why then
Where other men

Translaid Him after, in some humbler clay.

Long ere to-day

Corruption that sad perfect work hath done,
Which here she scarcely, lightly had begun :

The foul engendered worm
Feeds on the flesh of the life-giving form

Of our most Holy and Anointed One.

He is not risen, no—

He lies and moulders low ;

Christ is not risen !

What if the women, ere the dawn was grey,
Saw one or more great angels, as they say
(Angels, or Him Himself) ? Yet neither there,
nor then,

Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,
Hath He appeared to Peter or the Ten ;
Nor, save in thunderous terror, to blind Saul ;
Save in an after Gospel and late Creed,

He is not risen, indeed,—

Christ is not risen !

Or, what if e'en, as runs a tale, the Ten
Saw, heard, and touched, again and yet again ?
What if at Emmaüs' inn, and by Capernaum's
Lake,

Came One, the bread that brake—

Came One that spake as never mortal spake,
And with them ate, and drank, and stood, and
walked about ?

Ah ! 'some' did well to 'doubt' !

Ah ! the true Christ, while these things came to
pass,

Nor heard, nor spake, nor walked, nor lived, alas !

He was not risen, no—

He lay and mouldered low,

Christ was not risen !

As circulates in some great city crowd
A rumour changeful, vague, importunate, and loud,
From no determined centre, or of fact
Or authorship exact,
Which no man can deny
Nor verify ;
So spread the wondrous fame ;
He all the same
Lay senseless, mouldering, low :
He was not risen, no—
Christ was not risen !

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
As of the unjust, also of the just—
Yea, of that Just One, too !
This is the one sad Gospel that is true—
Christ is not risen !

Is He not risen, and shall we not rise ?
Oh, we unwise !
What did we dream, what wake we to discover ?
Ye hills, fall on us, and ye mountains, cover !
In darkness and great gloom
Come ere we thought it is *our* day of doom ;
From the cursed world, which is one tomb,
Christ is not risen !

Eat, drink, and play, and think that this is bliss :
There is no heaven but this ;
There is no hell,
Save earth, which serves the purpose doubly well,
Seeing it visits still
With equallest apportionment of ill

Both good and bad alike, and brings to one same
dust

The unjust and the just
With Christ, who is not risen.

Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved :
Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope
We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
And most beliefless, that had most believed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
As of the unjust, also of the just—
Yea, of that Just One too !
It is the one sad Gospel that is true—
Christ is not risen !

Weep not beside the tomb,
Ye women, unto whom
He was great solace while ye tended Him ;
Ye who with napkin o'er the head
And folds of linen round each wounded limb
Laid out the Sacred Dead ;
And thou that bar'st Him in thy wondering womb ;
Yea, Daughters of Jerusalem, depart,
Bind up as best ye may your own sad bleeding
heart :

Go to your homes, your living children tend,
Your earthly spouses love ;
Set your affections *not* on things above,
Which moth and rust corrupt, which quickliest
come to end :

Or pray, if pray ye must, and pray, if pray ye can,
For death ; since dead is He whom ye deemed
more than man,

Who is not risen : no—
But lies and moulders low—
Who is not risen !

Ye men of Galilee !
Why stand ye looking up to heaven, where Him
ye ne'er may see,
Neither ascending hence, nor returning hither
again ?

Ye ignorant and idle fishermen !
Hence to your huts, and boats, and inland native
shore,
And catch not men, but fish ;
Whate'er things ye might wish,
Him neither here nor there ye e'er shall meet with
more.

Ye poor deluded youths, go home,
Mend the old nets ye left to roam,
Tie the split oar, patch the torn sail :
It was indeed an 'idle tale'—
He was not risen !

And, oh, good men of ages yet to be,
Who shall believe *because* ye did not see—
Oh, be ye warned, be wise !
No more with pleading eyes,
And sobs of strong desire,
Unto the empty vacant void aspire,
Seeking another and impossible birth
That is not of your own, and only mother earth.
But if there is no other life for you,
Sit down and be content, since this must even do :
He is not risen !

One look, and then depart,
 Ye humble and ye holy men of heart ;
 And ye ! ye ministers and stewards of a Word
 Which ye would preach, because another heard—
 Ye worshippers of that ye do not know,
 Take these things hence and go :—
 He is not risen !

Here, on our Easter Day
 We rise, we come, and lo ! we find Him not,
 Gardener nor other, on the sacred spot :
 Where they have laid Him there is none to say ;
 No sound, nor in, nor out—no word
 Of where to seek the dead or meet the living Lord.
 There is no glistening of an angel's wings,
 There is no voice of heavenly clear behest :
 Let us go hence, and think upon these things
 In silence, which is best.
 Is He not risen ? No—
 But lies and moulders low ?
 Christ is not risen ?

EASTER DAY

II

So in the sinful streets, abstracted and alone,
I with my secret self held communing of mine
own.

So in the southern city spake the tongue
Of one that somewhat overwildly sung,
But in a later hour I sat and heard
Another voice that spake—another graver word.
Weep not, it bade, whatever hath been said,
Though He be dead, He is not dead.

In the true creed
He is yet risen indeed ;
Christ is yet risen.

Weep not beside His tomb,
Ye women unto whom
He was great comfort and yet greater grief ;
Nor ye, ye faithful few that wont with Him to
roam,
Seek sadly what for Him ye left, go hopeless to
your home ;
Nor ye despair, ye sharers yet to be of their belief ;
Though He be dead, He is not dead,
Nor gone, though fled,
Not lost, though vanished ;

Though He return not, though
 He lies and moulders low ;
 In the true creed
 He is yet risen indeed ;
 Christ is yet risen.

Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
 Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.
 Whate'er befell,
 Earth is not hell ;
 Now, too, as when it first began,
 Life is yet life, and man is man.
 For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high
 cope,
 Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.
 Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief :
 Or at least, faith unbelief.
 Though dead, not dead ;
 Not gone, though fled ;
 Not lost, though vanished.
 In the great gospel and true creed,
 He is yet risen indeed ;
 Christ is yet risen.

PESCHIERA

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost ?
'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all.'

The tricolor—a trampled rag
Lies, dirt and dust ; the lines I track
By sentry boxes yellow-black,
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand
Upon the grass of your redoubts ;
The eagle with his black wings flouts
The breath and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,
O men of Brescia, on the day
Of loss past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You say, ' Since so it is,—good-bye
Sweet life, high hope ; but whatsoe'er
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, " The Lombard feared to die ! " '

You said (there shall be answer fit),
'And if our children must obey,
They must ; but thinking on this day
'Twill less debase them to submit.'

You said (Oh not in vain you said),
'Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may ;
The hours ebb fast of this one day
When blood may yet be nobly shed.'

Ah ! not for idle hatred, not
For honour, fame, nor self-applause,
But for the glory of the cause,
You did, what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,
By force and fortune's right he stands ;
By fortune, which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all.'

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT
AVAILETH

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

SONGS WRITTEN ON SHIP-BOARD¹

FAREWELL, farewell! Her vans the vessel tries,
His iron might the potent engine plies;
Haste, wingèd words, and ere 'tis useless, tell,
Farewell, farewell, yet once again, farewell.

The docks, the streets, the houses past us fly,
Without a strain the great ship marches by;
Ye fleeting banks take up the words we tell,
And say for us yet once again, farewell.

The waters widen—on without a strain
The strong ship moves upon the open main;
She knows the seas, she hears the true waves swell,
She seems to say farewell, again farewell.

The billows whiten and the deep seas heave;
Fly once again, sweet words, to her I leave,
With winds that blow return, and seas that swell,
Farewell, farewell, say once again, farewell.

Fresh in my face and rippling to my feet
The winds and waves an answer soft repeat,

¹ This group of songs was composed during the writer's voyage across the Atlantic in 1852.

In sweet, sweet words far brought they seem to tell,
Farewell, farewell, yet once again, farewell.

Night gathers fast ; adieu, thou fading shore !
The land we look for next must lie before ;
Hence, foolish tears ! weak thoughts, no more rebel,
Farewell, farewell, a last, a last farewell.

Yet not, indeed, ah not till more than sea
And more than space divide my love and me,
Till more than waves and winds between us swell,
Farewell, a last, indeed, a last farewell.

COME home, come home ! and where is home for
me,
Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea ?
To the frail bark here plunging on its way,
To the wild waters, shall I turn and say
To the plunging bark, or to the salt sea foam,
You are my home ?

Fields once I walked in, faces once I knew,
Familiar things so old my heart believed them true,
These far, far back, behind me lie, before
The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar,
And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them roam
No words of home.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar,
There may indeed, or may not be, a shore,

Where fields as green, and hands and hearts as
 true,
 The old forgotten semblance may renew,
 And offer exiles driven far o'er the salt sea foam
 Another home.

But toil and pain must wear out many a day,
 And days bear weeks, and weeks bear months away,
 Ere, if at all, the weary traveller hear,
 With accents whispered in his wayworn ear,
 A voice he dares to listen to, say, Come
 To thy true home.

Come home, come home ! and where a home hath
 he
 Whose ship is driving o'er the driving sea ?
 Through clouds that mutter, and o'er waves that
 roar,
 Say, shall we find, or shall we not, a shore
 That is, as is not ship or ocean foam,
 Indeed our home ?

1852

GREEN fields of England ! wheresoe'er
 Across this watery waste we fare,
 Your image at our hearts we bear,
 Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
 Past where the waves' last confines be,
 Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
 Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last ;
Dear home in England, won at last.

1852

COME back, come back, behold with straining mast
And swelling sail, behold her steaming fast ;
With one new sun to see her voyage o'er,
With morning light to touch her native shore.
Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, while westward labouring
by,
With sailless yards, a bare black hulk we fly.
See how the gale we fight with sweeps her back,
To our lost home, on our forsaken track.
Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, across the flying foam,
We hear faint far-off voices call us home,
Come back, ye seem to say ; ye seek in vain ;
We went, we sought, and homeward turned again.
Come back, come back.

Come back, come back ; and whither back or why ?
To fan quenched hopes, forsaken schemes to try ;
Walk the old fields ; pace the familiar street ;
Dream with the idlers, with the bards compete.
Come back, come back.

Come back, come back ; and whither and for what ?
 To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
 Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
 And with much toil attain to half-believe.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back ; yea back, indeed, do go
 Sighs panting thick, and tears that want to flow ;
 Fond fluttering hopes upraise their useless wings,
 And wishes idly struggle in the strings ;
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, more eager than the breeze,
 The flying fancies sweep across the seas,
 And lighter far than ocean's flying foam,
 The heart's fond message hurries to its home.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back !
 Back flies the foam ; the hoisted flag streams back ;
 The long smoke wavers on the homeward track,
 Back fly with winds things which the winds obey,
 The strong ship follows its appointed way.

1852

SOME future day when what is now is not,
 When all old faults and follies are forgot,
 And thoughts of difference passed like dreams
 away,
 We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again,—we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed,—ye winds and waters, say!—
Meet yet again, upon some future day?

1852

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from ? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

COME, POET, COME !

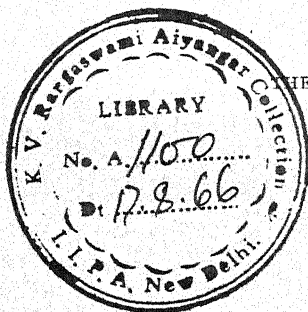
COME, Poet, come !

A thousand labourers ply their task,
And what it tends to scarcely ask,
And trembling thinkers on the brink
Shiver, and know not how to think.
To tell the purport of their pain,
And what our silly joys contain ;
In lasting lineaments pourtray
The substance of the shadowy day ;
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,
And make our meaning clear in verse :
Come, Poet, come ! for but in vain
We do the work or feel the pain,
And gather up the seeming gain,
Unless before the end thou come
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come !

To give an utterance to the dumb,
And make vain babblers silent, come ;
A thousand dupes point here and there,
Bewildered by the show and glare ;
And wise men half have learned to doubt
Whether we are not best without.
Come, Poet ; both but wait to see
Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, Poet, come !
 In vain I seem to call. And yet
 Think not the living times forget.
 Ages of heroes fought and fell
 That Homer in the end might tell ;
 O'er grovelling generations past
 Upstood the Doric fane at last ;
 And countless hearts on countless years
 Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,
 Rude laughter and unmeaning tears ;
 Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
 The pure perfection of her dome.
 Others, I doubt not, if not we,
 The issue of our toils shall see ;
 Young children gather as their own
 The harvest that the dead had sown,
 The dead forgotten and unknown.



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